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SHANGHAI—THE NEXT PHASE

THE attack on Shanghai marks the beginning of the second phase of Japan's policy in China. The campaign in Manchuria was occasioned by a very real fear for the safety of Japanese investments in that area, a fear based on the necessity of Manchurian raw materials for Japanese factories. But with the fall of Harbin and Chinchow the last vestiges of Chinese authority have been destroyed, and, apart from wandering bands of unpaid and leaderless soldiers, there are no Chinese forces north of the Great Wall to dispute Japanese control of that large and potentially rich province of China. Japan rules from the Straits of Chosen to the Great Khingan Mountains, over some fifty millions of Koreans and Chinese. But having ensured a permanent and adequate supply of raw materials it then became necessary to consider markets—and so the drive on Shanghai! While Japanese troops were marching rough shod over Chinese rights in Manchuria, patriotic Chinese in the rest of China were making it impossible for the Japanese merchants to sell their goods—or indeed for the Japanese to accomplish anything that required the co-operation of the Chinese people. Shanghai is the great commercial and financial centre of China, and it is also the centre of the boycott and of anti-Japanese propaganda. Incidentally, it contains among its three million inhabitants about eighteen thousand Japanese citizens, and it is conveniently accessible to Japanese warships and troops. Having finished with Manchuria the Japanese determined to break the boycott which had ruined their principal market, and was adding to the already long lines of Japanese unemployed. After unsatisfactory negotiations with the local Chinese authorities, the Japanese admiral in command launched an attack on the Chinese city with all the forces at his disposal, including artillery and bombing planes. The destruction of life and property in the congested city must have been appalling, but, contrary to all expectations, the Chinese forces hung on, and (at the time of writing) continue to hold the smoking ruins of their city and the antiquated forts at the mouth of the Wangpoo.

STARK IMPERIALISM

IT is not easy to concentrate upon domestic problems while Shanghai and Manchuria occupy the headlines of our daily press. The opening of the Federal Parliament, the Speech from the Throne, the St. Lawrence Waterways negotiations—even the

Great Depression—all these things seem relatively less important, less urgent, while our imagination catches the thunder of naval guns, the roar of aerial bombs, and the rattle of machine-gun fire, thousands of miles away. Apparently Canada has no official policy relative to the struggle for supremacy which is taking place in the Orient, because no vital Canadian economic interest is involved, but it will be well for us if we realize that no country on earth can altogether escape from the back-wash of this disturbance. Since the Great War, imperialism has operated behind a veil of smooth phrases, legal terminology, and moral platitudes. Mandates and Spheres of Influence have taken the place of the colonial annexations of the bad old buccaneering pre-war days. Education and development of the backward races have succeeded exploitation? Now, with one sweep of the sword, Japan has cut through all the cobwebs of legalism, and the old imperial policy stands out once more, clear and undisguised. Facts, treaties, conventions, and international agreements are contemptuously waved aside, and the mailed fist is once more the final arbiter of international differences. As regards the original points at issue between Japan and China there was much to be said on both sides, and possibly Japan's case was as good as that of her neighbour, but by her callous use of force she has forfeited any right to have her case considered on its merits. To those who are anxious to preserve the peace of the world it must become obvious that less faith can be placed in treaties and agreements, and more energy must be devoted to removing the causes of economic friction—both domestic and international.

EMPIRES AND ARMAMENTS

BUT while the moralist may deplore the ruthless tactics of the Japanese militarists, it must be admitted that there is not one of the great imperial nations that can afford to cast any stones at Japan. The use of force is an inevitable feature of imperialist policies, and the massacre of Chapei is only Amritsar on a somewhat larger scale. In recent years the French at Damascus, Spanish troops in Morocco, and the marines of the United States in Haiti and Nicaragua have used similar methods in order to obtain their objectives, and they have all used the degree of force that was necessary to ensure that weaker nations should adopt the proper attitude of humility and subjection. The atmosphere of unreality which pervades the peace conferences at Geneva is largely due to the

fact that the great powers are unwilling to admit frankly that subject races cannot be kept in their place without the assistance of huge armaments. Our leading statesmen tell us that Great Britain maintains law and order in India in the interests of the Indians, the United States holds the Philippine Islands for the same reason, France is carrying the light of civilization to Northern Africa, and so on. But the imperialist powers are not sufficiently sure of the benefits of their rule that they will grant the subject races the right to accept or reject the benevolent tutelage which has been their privilege. If all the armies and navies of the world were scrapped tomorrow, the day after would see scores of colonies and dependencies asserting their independence. The politicians may talk about 'security', 'policing the seas', and 'defence of the trade routes', but one of the main reasons why the great powers are obliged to risk bankruptcy in order to support increasing armaments is that only by such means are they able to keep the colonial peoples in subjection—and incidentally protect their foreign investments.

THE FOREIGNER IN CHINA

AS interests come before principles, both Great Britain and the United States have shown far greater concern over the situation in Shanghai than they did in connection with Manchuria, where treaties and covenants were disregarded with the outspoken approval of large sections of the British press. But British and American lives and property are in danger in Shanghai, and so British and American warships and transports set out at full speed for that unhappy city, while ambassadors and foreign secretaries hold long and anxious consultations. Meanwhile the League of Nations discusses disarmament, and fears that the Chinese representative may insist on the convening of an extraordinary session of the Assembly to deal with a situation that is now beyond their control. Perhaps the most ironical factor in the whole situation is the probability that if British and American forces are used in Shanghai they will be used against the poor unfortunate Chinese defenders of that city. If that happens the anti-foreign sentiment in China will seem to be justified, and, strengthened by recent events, will probably mean the end of foreign occupation in China.

ONE PRAIRIE PROVINCE?

PREMIER BRACKEN'S idea of uniting the three prairie provinces has been welcomed effusively by all the Eastern newspapers who are always forward in solving the West's problems for it. In relation to the rest of the Dominion, the Prairie, of course, forms one economic unit, and it is easy to think of economies that could be effected in administering it as such. But it is as well to remember that, even if the processes of time had not already produced three pretty distinct individualities in the three provinces, one united province would cover an immense area in which differences of sectional interest would inevitably develop. One wonders also, remembering the excitement caused in times past by the Manitoba School question and the Autonomy Acts of 1905, what would happen to the two very different educational systems in Manitoba and her two sister

provinces in any amalgamation scheme. And how would the three University presidents enjoy intriguing against one another in one legislature for appropriations to their respective institutions? One suspects that when amalgamation is faced as a practical question a surprising amount of federalism would have to be admitted. The real practical obstacle to union is, of course, that it would deprive a number of politicians of their jobs. But, whatever we may think of party politicians, the fact is that their salaries and expenses do not make up a major part of any government budget. The real administrative extravagance of all our provincial governments consists in the mass of unnecessary jobs which are created for party friends in the civil service. There is no inherent reason why a single government on the Prairie would be less disposed to waste the people's money in this way than are the three present governments. The extravagance due to unwise policies, such as too ambitious road building, would also be just as apt to occur in the new regime as in the old. Until Mr. Bracken elaborates his scheme with some reliable figures, a good many observers will doubt whether the economies to be expected from it are worth the upheaval which would be necessary to bring it about.

THE ONTARIO HYDRO

SOME of the recent transactions of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission are to be investigated by a judge. Nothing did so much to convince most people that a thorough probing into the Hydro was needed as the character of the defence against investigation which was made by Commissioner Maguire and some of the Ontario cabinet ministers. The windy rhetoric of Mr. Maguire and his theatrical bombast about some sinister American intrigue against which he was protecting the public were too reminiscent of the methods of Big Bill Thompson. Whenever an Ontario or a Quebec politician begins to froth about the American menace you can be sure that there's a nigger in the woodpile somewhere. And, rightly or wrongly, the general suspicion that something was being hidden was increased by Mr. Meighen's unique ability in rubbing people's backs the wrong way. The investigation which is curiously limited in scope, may reveal that everything was proper. But clearly the effect upon public opinion when the Hydro Commission during the Ferguson regime seemed to be reduced to a subordinate department of the Prime Minister's office was not healthy. If public ownership is to thrive, our publicly managed enterprises must be, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. Clearly it is not a healthy condition today when the three Commissioners upon whom the responsibility for Hydro policy rests are three politicians, two of them still active in party politics. The success of public ownership depends upon our capacity to evolve a form of management in which the party politician is kept at arm's length.

QUEBEC STIRS IN HER SLEEP

WHEN the leaders of both political parties in Quebec announced in chorus a few weeks ago that no further steps must be taken to develop the Ontario end of the St. Lawrence Waterways

Scheme, that was hardly front-page news. Quebec was playing true to form. Power development near Cornwall at federal expense meant the dissipation of the private power ring's fond pipe-dream of selling surplus power to the Ontario Hydro at an exorbitant profit. When Sir Herbert Holt's legislative office boys piped up they were merely singing the variation to an old tune. But in the meantime something uncanny and monstrous had been stirring in Quebec City itself, no less than a menacing revolt of the citizens against the domination of the Quebec Power Company, which culminated after bitter weeks of agitation in a petition from the city council to the Legislature asking authority for the Ancient Capital to municipalize electric services within its limits. By this time the fat was in the fire and the shrill voices of the power-ring propagandists rose in protest against this unheard of blasphemy. 'Is a city to be allowed to become a competitor after private enterprise has sunk millions of investors' money?' wailed the *Montreal Gazette*. 'Is public ownership to be taken to the bosom of Quebec on a half-shell basis? The capital of the province should be as safe a spot as the world boasts for the individual wanting to place money'. Of course the bill was quashed in committee and the hard-earned savings of all the hypothetical widows and orphans who own preferred stock in the Quebec Power Company are safe once more. But in the meantime somebody got a bad scare. Well done Quebec City!

THE POWER INTERESTS

THE recent fight in the Quebec Legislature between the City of Quebec and the Quebec Power Company (the latter is a subsidiary of the Holt power group) raised the issue of public versus private ownership in an acute form. The Company has a contract for the lighting of the City which expires in 1935. The City asked for an amendment to its charter which would enable it to build and operate its own lighting system. The Company retorted by requesting authority to purchase two other utilities, the Quebec Railway, Light, Heat, and Power Company, and the Quebec County Railway Company (both of which it now controls and operates under contract with the city), and then introduced a bill which would compel the city, in the event of its municipalizing the lighting system, to buy out first the Company's entire undertakings plus these two railways. In other words, the city was to be forbidden to take over the profitable business of electric power unless it also took over the unprofitable business of street railways, and this at the request of the very company which intended to buy the railways first in order to resell to the city. Mr. Taschereau, of course, favoured the power interests, and drew a pitiful picture of the difficulties now confronting the Company, and of the hard times that would befall its 3,000 shareholders if the City's request were granted. Amongst these shareholders, he pointed out, were the Archbishopric of Quebec, the Seminary of Three Rivers and the Dominican Fathers, so it certainly could not be said that they were vampires sucking the blood of the people. On behalf of the tens of thousands of consumers he said nothing. As to these, Mr. Lapointe, the former Minister of Justice, who pleaded the case for the City, showed that the citizen of Quebec paid about three times as much for his power as the citizen of Hamilton and about

five times as much as the citizen of Ottawa. In the end the City's demand was rejected, but the Company was induced to withdraw its two bills. The *status quo* is to remain for a year while the Quebec Public Service Commission undertakes an investigation into the reasonableness of existing rates.

LO, THE POOR INDIAN

ACCORDING to a Canadian Press despatch, 'the hunting privileges of 80 per cent. of the Province of Quebec' have, by an Order-in-Council, been 'closed to the white man and reserved for Indians and Esquimos.' The reasons given for this drastic action are that liquor dealers from St. Pierre Miquelon have been carrying on an illegal trade of liquor for furs with the Indians of the far north, and that American airmen have been trapping thousands of dollars worth of pelts and later smuggling them across the border. So far, so good: there is no reason why the Province should be cheated of its royalties or the Indian handicapped by unfair competition. In addition, and perhaps more important in the long run, the Order should assist materially in conserving fur-bearing animals; for it has been proved time and again that an illicit trade is the most efficient means of exhausting the desired commodity. But here the good, honest trail, seeming to lead to protection of the aboriginal and conservation of game, suddenly gives off a strong red herring taint. For, ends the despatch, 'the Provincial Government has enlisted the aid of northern trading companies, who will cooperate with officials in enforcing the new law'—or, in other words, in maintaining a monopoly for themselves. It would be interesting to know how northern pelt prices will be affected and what the Indians think.

TO A STREAM IN MARCH

Oh hurry, hurry stream!
Burst outward loud and long and gay—
Burst through the winter's deathly pomp
For snow and ice still gleam
Where junipers stand tall and gray
About the cold, unmoving swamp!

Come stream—come forest stream!
Come swiftly with the same mad joy,
The frisking logs, the smell of bark!
Oh wake us from this dream!
Surge fiercely and destroy
This lifelessness—this dark!

Oh hurry, hurry stream!
I wait your broken foam and strife
When broad and open you shall sing
And in my spirit flow supreme
With tumbling and resistless life—
Bring spring—oh bring us spring!

ALAN B. CREIGHTON

CANADA AND THE WORLD, 1932

THE most depressing feature of the current depression has consisted in the speeches made by our bank presidents and business leaders. A community which is as simple-minded and credulous as they apparently believe the Canadian public to be is obviously incapable of ever finding its way out of any economic difficulties. It is therefore refreshing to come across an occasional speech which pays the Canadian people the compliment of treating them as serious adults and of discussing their problems realistically with them. Of all the annual statements of our financial and industrial magnates almost the only one which will bear re-reading is that of the Hon. N. W. Rowell, of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, published in the papers of February 3 and 4. He has put so clearly the points about which Canadians should be thinking just now that we propose to repeat some of his remarks here.

'Canada's prosperity depends upon the prosperity of our primary industries, and these cannot prosper without a satisfactory export market . . . Canada's economic structure is based upon a large and increasing export trade. The settlement and development of Western Canada has been based upon the theory that we would always have available a suitable and adequate export market for our agricultural products, and the development of our primary industries of the forest and mine was based upon the same theory. The prosperity of the industries of Eastern Canada is dependent upon the prosperity and purchasing power of the people of Western Canada.'

'Everyone hopes that the Imperial Conference which is to be held in July next will be able to devise plans which will assist in solving our problem through increased inter-Empire trade. If real success is to be attained at this Conference three fundamental considerations must be kept in view. First, that trade is essentially barter, and that Great Britain and the other Dominions are already purchasing more from us than we are from them. We must be prepared to buy as well as to sell, and we must study what we can buy as well as what we can sell. Secondly, inter-Empire trade, valuable as it may be, cannot possibly provide us with an adequate export market . . . The percentage of our total exports which goes to Great Britain has declined from 48% in 1911 to 27% in 1931. Our export trade to the whole British Empire in 1930 was 34% and in 1931 36% of our total export trade. Other markets we must have, and in these other markets we may have to buy as well as sell. Thirdly, we can only develop and maintain a substantial increase in our inter-Empire trade if there is reasonable assurance of its stability. There can be no stability for increased Empire trade unless the arrangement concluded is so obviously fair and beneficial to all the members of the Conference that it will be accepted not only by the governments but by the peoples concerned. To conclude an arrangement which might at once lead to an agitation for its repeal would not only impair its utility as a trade agreement but would militate against the spirit of unity and co-operation between the members of the British Commonwealth—a spirit essential to its continued existence.'

'But the conclusion of a satisfactory inter-Empire trade agreement cannot of itself bring back prosperity,

although it may contribute towards it. The world is now so bound together in one great community that no country or empire can be wholly self-contained or remain unaffected by the conditions existing outside its borders. The general political and economic situation throughout the world must be stabilized before there can be a return to real prosperity in any part of the world. . . . We are passing through much more than a serious depression in the business cycle. We are witnessing fundamental and far-reaching changes in the political and economic structure of society, and we cannot hope to return to normal business conditions until some of the causes of the present political and economic disturbances are removed. The greatest need of the world today is a rebirth of good will . . . There must be an abandonment of extreme economic nationalism.'

This is not the only occasion of late in which Mr. Rowell has put in a plea for economic sanity. Speaking before the Montreal Canadian Club on the subject of our relations with the United States, he pointed out that our trade with our American neighbours makes up 55% of our total foreign trade. Of the total foreign trade of the United States, Canada has a bigger share than any other country except Great Britain, and in 1929 we ranked ahead even of Great Britain. The trade of the United States with us is larger than her trade with all the Central and South American countries combined. And, in addition, one quarter of her total foreign investment is placed in Canada, while 60% of Canada's foreign investment is in the United States. From the American tourist trade we derive a net benefit of about 175 million dollars. All these figures go to show, as Mr. Rowell pointed out, that 'Canada's major economic interests are in the United States'; and that, while we may develop inter-Imperial trade, we should proceed about it without any ill will towards the United States.

These considerations are, of course, quite familiar to everyone who has given any serious study to the subject of our external trade relations. Why then is it that so few of our financial leaders have the good sense or the courage to lay them before the Canadian people?

F. H. U.

PANEGRIC

Sound the loud trumpet, wake the ancient sennet,
And strew bright flowers in front of Mr. Bennett.
Under his aegis now, at last, we know
The goal of Israel's seeking long ago,
And dwell (beyond the doubts of any Thomas)
Sublimely happy, in a land of Promise.

JOSEPH SCHULL



THE CANADIAN MONETARY SYSTEM

By C. A. CURTIS

LET us begin with a brief survey of the Canadian monetary structure as it existed prior to the war. This structure was based on the gold standard and may be divided into two parts (a) a Government issue and (b) the banking system. Excluding the matter of subsidiary coinage, which is of little interest here, the government part of the monetary structure consisted of the Dominion note issue. Dominion notes could be issued only under the provision of the Dominion Notes Act, which provided that the first \$30,000,000 of the issue required only a twenty-five per cent. reserve in specie, and that all amounts in excess of this amount required a hundred per cent. reserve. From this it can be judged that at this time Dominion notes were practically gold certificates and that the government had no occasion to worry about its ability to redeem all the notes that could be presented to it. Its duties were automatic—the exchange of gold for notes and notes for gold.

At this juncture it may be pointed out that the Dominion note issue really performs two functions, which are usually considered to be very distinct and are not often confused. The first is that of supplying the small hand-to-hand currency of the country, and the second is that of supplying the legal cash currency for the banking system. The first type of currency will not likely be presented for redemption but the second type will be. Thus a certain amount of confusion is aroused by combining these two functions in one issue.

The second part of the monetary structure was the Canadian banking system which at that time was composed of some 24 or 25 banks. Each bank was an independent unit—a law unto itself—and there was no coordinating influence, such as a central bank, in the system. It may be termed a completely decentralized system. Each bank extended or limited credit in light of its cash resources; and the primary consideration was to keep its position sufficiently liquid to be able to meet all demands upon it. The cash reserves of the system consisted of gold and Dominion notes redeemable in gold; and the only way the system could get added cash reserves was from outside Canada, either by liquidating call loans or borrowing on securities. There was absolutely no machinery in Canada whereby cash reserves could be suddenly obtained; in other words there was no rediscounting machinery. Thus the Canadian banks were entirely reliant on their own resources.

On the Canadian banking system as a whole the only large demands for cash by the public were for export in response to the foreign exchange rates. But irrespective of the cause of the drain of cash, every bank in the system was compelled to pay on demand or admit insolvency and close its doors. This was the test which the banks faced constantly; and because most of the cash demanded was for export, meeting it meant the maintenance of the gold standard. A refusal to give cash for export was indistinguishable from a refusal to pay its debts, and meant its extinction as a going concern. Such an admission could not be thought of, and so on the Canadian banking system—not the government—rested the responsibility

of operating the gold standard. Although I am not at the moment discussing the present position of the gold standard, I am assuming that the maintenance of the gold standard, especially in pre-war days, meant that there was a type or form of credit control in effect.

Let me sum up the pre-war situation. The Government's duties were automatic and fixed, and the Government itself might almost be described as an onlooker at the credit system. The banking system, on the other hand, was intimately involved in maintaining the gold standard; the bank's one urgent need was always to remain solvent and to be able to pay its debts on demand, and this meant the maintenance of the gold standard. And I have assumed that the maintenance of the gold standard implies a modicum of credit control at least. Thus the responsibility for credit control rested with the commercial banks of Canada and was bound up with their own solvency.

This whole situation was completely transformed by the changes consequent on the outbreak of war in 1914. One of the war measures taken by the Special Session of the Canadian Parliament in 1914 was the passing of a piece of legislation called the Finance Act. By this Act, which to a considerable extent merely gave confirmation to what had already been accomplished by orders-in-council, the government was authorized in times of emergency, by issuing a proclamation, to make advances of Dominion notes to the banks upon the pledge of satisfactory securities as collateral, and to suspend the redemption in gold of Dominion notes. This last meant in effect the abandonment of the gold standard. The practice of borrowing notes under the provisions of the Finance Act became known as rediscounting. I will pass over the war period without comment, for it was a period when all the energies of the country were devoted to war efforts, but when, as we know, a great inflation of prices took place. The Finance Act assisted this.

Proclamations and parliamentary enactments kept alive these two provisions until 1923 when the Act was revised. As a result the Finance Act 1923 was passed, which made permanent the provisions whereby the Minister of Finance was empowered to make advances of Dominion notes to the banks and gave the Minister of Finance and the treasury board almost complete control over the administration of the Act. It also elaborated many clauses of the earlier Act but we are not concerned here with these details. The provision relieving the Minister of Finance of the obligation of redeeming Dominion notes in gold was to continue in force until July 1, 1926, and unless specifically extended, was to lapse at that date. It was in fact not extended and Canada resumed the gold standard on July 1, 1926.

The Finance Act of 1923, therefore, made permanent in the Canadian monetary structure a piece of financial mechanism which had been introduced as a temporary expedient and which had never been tried in Canada except under abnormal wartime conditions. It is my view that this country has never realized just what was done when this legislation was passed.

Although the banks had used the rediscounting facilities to a considerable extent both during the war

and post-war periods, the whole experience of the machinery was gained during a paper money period and did not apply to gold standard conditions. The Act does not provide for or require any gold reserves for Dominion notes issued under its provisions, nor in fact does it in any way refer to the matter. At the same time all Dominion notes obtained by the banks under the provisions of the Finance Act become part of the general body of Dominion notes, quite indistinguishable from Dominion notes issued in any other way; and all are legally redeemable in gold upon demand. While the country was off the gold standard this state of affairs did not cause concern; but, as we shall see, with the return to the gold standard it became of serious consequence. Less than three years' operation of this machinery under gold standard conditions has been sufficient to make manifest its fundamental weakness. It would appear that, whether or not the principles embodied in the Finance Act are desirable, the form of their adoption was not sound, and that the Act was adopted without an adequate understanding or discussion either in the House of Commons or elsewhere.

Canada resumed the gold basis as its monetary standard on July 1, 1926, so that it may be well at this point just to see what the gold standard means. To simplify the matter, without embarking upon an elaborate explanation, it may be said that the test of the operation of the gold standard is whether or not gold is allowed to flow in and out of a country freely and whether all obligations payable in gold are freely paid in gold. But if the first does not take place the second is of little consequence. In any case, one looks at the foreign exchanges to see if the gold standard is in operation. From July, 1926 to the end of 1928 the rate of exchange between Canada and the United States never went beyond the gold points. During all of 1929 and part of 1930 the exchange rate went beyond the gold export point and yet gold did not leave the country. The same is true for part of 1931, that is until quite recently when the gold standard was legally abandoned. Again simplifying, the conclusion is that for most of the time from 1929 to the present Canada was not on the gold standard, and, although at the time much quibbling went on, I think it is quite generally agreed now that the above view is the correct one.

The weakening of the Canadian monetary structure which has gone on for the past three years is primarily owing to the rediscounting operations carried on under the Finance Act. From 1924 to the end of 1927 amounts borrowed under the Finance Act rarely exceeded \$20,000,000 and at one time were as low as \$2,000,000. With the improvement of business, however, the banks used the facilities of the Finance Act more extensively, with the result that from 1927 until the end of 1929 the amount so borrowed showed a steady increase. In round figures such borrowings increased from about 23 millions to 111 millions. In 1929 maximum rediscounts of the Federal Reserve System of the United States were only ten times the amount of Canadian rediscounts under the Finance Act, which, in view of the respective resources of the two banking systems, seems disproportionate. During this period we had in Canada an expansion of bank credit which was quite unjustified by underlying conditions.

However, as advances under the Finance Act in-

creased in the years 1928-29, the government's gold reserve declined until, in January 1929, it was about half what it had been two months before. The process whereby this was brought about was simple. When the U.S.-Canadian exchange rate moved to the gold export point, the banks presented Dominion notes for redemption and obtained gold from the government's reserve. During December, 1928, and January, 1929, some \$45,000,000 was thus obtained and exported. As the process of presenting Dominion notes for redemption in gold reduced the cash reserves of the banks, they found it necessary to replenish their reserves by borrowing other Dominion notes from the government. The Department of Finance, finding its gold reserve decreased drastically and Dominion notes still pouring in on it, decided in some manner or other to stop the process, and, if they considered the matter, to allow the foreign exchanges to act as they would. Thus we had Canada unofficially, or whatever is the correct term, abandoning the gold standard. This, with short periods of exception, was the situation which existed until recent events forced official recognition and legal abandonment of the standard. It seems to me that the operations under the Finance Act are the primary cause of our monetary difficulties.

Although Canada had in effect been off the gold standard since 1929 the premium on U.S. funds never was very great—never more than 1 or 2 per cent.—until this fall. Then when England abandoned the gold standard the Canadian dollar dropped to a discount of at least fifteen per cent. What is the explanation of this? There seems to be nothing in the ordinary balance of trade, or even of payments arising out of exchange of commodities and services, which would cause such a pull on the Canadian dollar; and it seems to be a general opinion that the explanation is to be found in the transfer of capital from Canada. In particular, it has been attributed to the withdrawal of American funds, long and short term, from Canada. These funds appear to have been withdrawn partly because they were needed at home. However, it may also be suggested that a more important factor in the minds of American holders of Canadian funds was uncertainty as to the future. Recent world developments have doubtless caused the financial markets of the world to become more than ordinarily nervous and sensitive. But also that the fact that Canada had played with the gold standard in the last few years must have weighed heavily.

Without analyzing the figures which are available to anyone, I think it is a fair inference that the recent abandonment of the gold standard is primarily to protect not the government but the banks. Without further advances under the Finance Act the government could pretty well meet its demands or place itself in a position to meet its demands, but it would be at the expense of putting the burden on the banks. Yet one cannot argue that the government, having acquiesced in rediscounting in the past and having allowed the banks to lean upon this source of cash reserves, should completely abandon them now. Irrespective of where the responsibility lay in the past the government must support the banks now.

Thus, to sum up, the advent of the Finance Act in the Canadian monetary structure has changed the whole picture. Under the terms of this Act the banks can borrow Dominion notes—that is, cash reserves—from the Department of Finance. Dominion notes

so issued are part of the general body of Dominion notes and are redeemable in gold upon demand. Thus the Finance Act gives the banks ability to get added reserves in Canada and so extend credit. But the responsibility of supporting this credit structure rests with the Department of Finance. Yet no provision is made in the Finance Act or elsewhere for so doing. I have tried to show how the pre-war banking system operated the gold standard because its own solvency meant the maintenance of that standard, and how the Finance Act has altered the situation. Yet each bank operates just as it did before the war, that is, in terms of its cash resources, but it can now increase its cash by borrowing from the government.

It must be emphasized that the responsibility for credit control in a social sense does not rest primarily with the institutions which grant credit to the public. It rests primarily with the agency which gives credit-granting institutions the ability to increase credit; that is, it rests with the agency which gives the banks added cash reserves on which to base further credit extension. In effect, the responsibility for credit extension in Canada has been transferred from the banks to a civil division of the government which, however efficient in its own field, is not competent to handle this responsibility.

Thus the effect of the Finance Act appears to be the elimination of the banks' control of credit and the failure of any other to appear. The banks appear to act on the assumption that the responsibility for credit control has been transferred from them, but the government does not appear to be aware of its responsibility. Canada has a monetary system in which no one accepts the responsibility for credit control, and so we have the present situation.

The present monetary system of Canada appears to be in a transition stage from the decentralized system in which the intelligent self-interest of the banks was a sufficient agency of credit control to a system in which the central institution accepts responsibility and acts accordingly. It seems to me that the question of re-establishing the gold standard—bringing back the dollar to par—is quite secondary to this point of putting our house in order.

A suggestion is sometimes made, that Canada should deliberately keep the dollar at a constant degree of depreciation, say, twenty or twenty-five per cent. I do not propose to discuss this policy but merely to point out that it requires even a better degree of credit control to follow such a policy than it does to operate the gold standard in a country like Canada. Further depreciation of the Canadian dollar does not and cannot meet the fundamental trouble of our monetary system. One cannot emphasize too strongly this essential point that, irrespective of the level at which the currency is stabilized, there must be an intelligent and recognized responsibility for control of the credit system. And this is what Canada lacks at the present time.

During 1928 and 1929 we had in Canada an expansion of credit which, I think, was quite unjustified by underlying economic conditions and which certainly was not justified by the amount of gold in the country to support such credit. This expansion occurred because the Department of Finance did not—for whatever reason—exercise control over the cash reserve money which it gave to the banks. This is what I mean by a lack of credit control, and the result

is that the monetary structure of Canada has been greatly weakened. If anyone doubts this let him analyze the published statistics of the Dominion-note issue and the monthly returns of the chartered banks. There is no use glossing over the fact that we in Canada have mismanaged our whole monetary system in a sad way. Those in this country who are prone to criticize the monetary actions of other countries have plenty of material for their attention at home. I am not very sure that Canada has learned much by her experience and I am afraid that, given the opportunity, and the same monetary structure, the same thing will occur again.

What is the remedy for the present state of affairs? Our whole structure of banking and monetary legislation should be overhauled. Perhaps there is room for a Canadian 'MacMillan Report'. Certainly a central bank of some kind is the only permanent solution. In saying this I am well aware of the limitations of central banks even under most favourable conditions and of the difficulties in the way of a Canadian institution. Such an institution would not mean a monetary millennium, but it would at least place the responsibility for credit control with an institution developed for such purposes. Canada will have no monetary stability until such an institution is developed. And it seems reasonable to argue that, when the Finance Act was passed, the first momentous step was taken towards such an end.

ESTEVAN

Dig, dig,
For the fatted pig.

The story, Estevan, is in your scroll,
In writhing lines of lead and blood and coal.

Copper, pump 'em full of lead!
Slaves with a grudge are better dead.

Dig, dig,
For the fatted pig.

Coal in their blood as they paid the toll.
Give the owner blood in his coal.

Madam wants an exotic feather.
Lead and blood and coal together.

Dig, dig,
For the fatted pig.

V. G.



WORM'S-EYE VIEW OF ALBERTA

1932, A.D.

By W. D. STOVEL

THIS thesis has no objective, no theory to obtain or maintain. It is an aimless ramble, the fruits of the following intellectual diet: three conventions of the United Farmers of Alberta, two years of the Calgary Trades and Labour Council; one convention of the Alberta Federation of Labour; two years of city council meetings, with unemployed delegations to match all shades of pink and red, not to mention red-white-and-blue; three years of assorted interviews with political figures, and many years of following the legislative cart-wheels of the Dominion of Canada and its West in particular.

I have just returned from a mass meeting of building trades mechanics which denounced the reduction in wages on Federal relief works. Resolutions were passed, half a quire of them at least, and at the conclusion one man voiced what seemed to be dawning upon most of the intelligent members of the audience in this, the prime minister's 'home town'—that resolutions, after all, didn't seem to be getting them anywhere. The atmosphere in this, as in other meetings of its kind, from the standpoint of the observer, seems to be one of futility, and the organizations for all the world like small boys wrestling with a boa constrictor.

Every once in a while I am aroused at some of them into concluding, from the fiery tones of the speakers, that the snapping point in our supposedly elastic economic system has been reached, but just as frequently the impression is slowly smothered by later developments. The meeting of which I speak, however, had one thing most of the others lacked, and that was an apparently common impression among those present that 'trouble' was inevitable.

'If it comes', whispered my neighbour, a member of the executive of an ex-service men's association, 'the prime minister is going to get one big surprise, and that is that the unemployed ex-service men will not support him as he expects.'

And Labour, that most highly organized and yet most lumbering factor in the economic life of our Dominion—what of it? Politically, it is still cramped by trades union control—the delegate system which unwittingly bars entrance into the Labour fold of those who may be sympathetic to socialistic ideals. If any reserves were built up during the prosperous years against just such times when progressive propaganda is most necessary and most conducive to a heavy yield, they are certainly not in evidence today. In all of their meetings there is the same impression of auto-intoxication, an effort at thought which is feeble because of the rapidity with which the rank and file have been called upon to digest facts and events too hard and too large for digestion.

The same condition, in regard to reserves, seems to exist in the U.F.A., but this group is securing rather commendable results. The political results, as seen in its provincial government party have been disappointing, but the economic are impressive. Cooperative buying is increasing apace, under the stimulus of radio and other forms of propaganda, and has reached a stage where retail merchants throughout the province are beginning to feel the effect acutely.

In this, of course, the organization is following its frequently reiterated policy that, although the socialist state is the desirable ultimate, the wise intermediate is the cooperative commonwealth. Labour, although it has not, to my knowledge, expressed the same ideal, finds most of its leaders in harmony with this policy.

So far as Alberta is concerned, the two organizations can hardly be compared, either in regard to intensity of life or of power. Labour is hampered by age-old principles, and shows an inclination to debate solemnly and long, on an increase of a cent in wages, or an amendment to the provincial compensation act. Members of the U.F.A., however, gather 500 or 600 strong at their conventions, and debate in most animated fashion questions dealing with the fundamentals of life, with utter realism and disregard of bookish theory.

The newspapers notwithstanding, I think both organizations have suffered severe inroads in their ranks from the Communists, unemployed organizations, unity leagues, and scores of other groups of believers in the direct and more unpalatable action. Whether or not its leaders will admit it, Labour has failed dismally in organizing the general labourer, even when he is unemployed and ripe for it. True, it has valiantly fought his battles in legislative halls for free speech and adequate relief, but from circulating among the rank and file of the unemployed I do not think its efforts have been appreciated.

And what of the Communist party and its allied organizations? Since June 29, 1931, and its riots and raids, they have been phenomenally, almost ominously, silent. Their larger groups have been abandoned on the theory that stoolpigeons may be more easily detected in the smaller units. More easy it may be, but apparently the police still seem to know their every move, just as the Communists boast that they know every move on the part of the police, before it is made. 'Figure heads' of the movement continue to be arrested, while the real leaders are safe in obscurity.

And here is an interesting side-light. Not long ago I attended a meeting in a public library in Calgary which was addressed by a woman, out on bail and awaiting her trial in connection with the Estevan trouble. (Public library: I can almost hear the screams of indignation from the direction of Toronto). What struck me as being particularly amusing were her attacks on the bourgeoisie, while among her audience I saw plainly several fur coats which could not have cost a dollar less than two hundred.

It is engrossing to watch the gradual but apparently inevitable grouping of citizens into two distinct factions. Aldermen around the council boards who at one time voted now and again with Labour to hear unemployed delegations are now undeviating in their opposition. Citizens who have had no decided opinions anent radicalism or its opposite are now taking flat-footed stands, the side of the road generally depending upon the 'have' or the 'have not' of property. Socialist versus Fascist—all Western Canada seems to be falling into either of these groupings. Central Europe is well advanced in this development: Canada

is just entering it; and whether we like to admit it or not, the situation is just as fertile for 'trouble' in Canada as it is in Europe.

Three years have only fixed some ideas more firmly. There are still those who look at a beggar's hands to see if they are the hands of honest toil, and their owner a fit object for charity. There are still surprising numbers of individuals—many of them those who made their stake in boom times in the West—who earnestly assert that all these men who make their wraith-like way from town to town could find work if only they had a little of the pioneer pride and independence. Confronted with these tight little minds—after these last three years—one is likely to sympathize somewhat with the most violent of the reds.

On the other hand, class hatred is the only possible label for the gospel preached by the Communists, not a hatred of what the upper classes are said to stand for, but a violent, personal hatred of all who do not stand for the turbulent 'revolution'. Nothing can match the scorn with which the Communist utters the damning 'Labour fakir' or 'Social Democrat'.

Yet Communism has hundreds of members and thousands of followers in cities of the West. Democratically, the organization hardly exists, chiefly, I imagine, because so many of its recruits have not acquired sufficient knowledge of Canadian institutions to cast their ballots.

In the Calgary municipal elections last November, the Communist candidate, Phil Luck, polled some 1,700 votes out of a total poll for the mayoralty of about 18,400. His only opponent was mayor Andy Davison, an independent, but a doughty St. George—where the red dragon is concerned.

It is interesting to note how the vote went by districts. In Rosedale and Crescent Heights, middle-class residential, Luck secured 49 votes; in Capitol Hill, a poorer suburb, 22; in the south a central portion of the city, 125; in Parkhill, a poorer district, 15; in industrial East Calgary, 100; in the eastern central section, where foreign-born support was expected to be greatest, only 89 out of the 421 votes cast went to Luck; in the west end, 57 votes, and in Elbow Park and Mount Royal, the elite districts, no less than 65 votes.

This was the net result of a wide-open enumeration held last July which horrified those 'citizens with a stake' because it more than doubled the number of eligible voters. In the same election Labour, in spite of high hopes, elected only one of its four aldermanic candidates, while a week or so previously, Labour in Edmonton had scored a sweeping victory.

The warning at the beginning of this article was that it had no objective, and so no excuse is offered for leaving it thus in mid-air. The matters it deals with are, at best, merely provocative of mild thinking. Even mild thinking, in these days, may be something for which to be exceeding grateful.

Will readers kindly mention THE CANADIAN FORUM when purchasing from our advertisers.

POEMS

BY BERTRAM M. CHAMBERS

STORM

Gaunt trees bend bare,
Tortured bodies
To the flogging wind.
In creaking agony
Their branches
Squirm and quiver.

Three street cars huddle
In mute misery,
Their red sides splashed
With snow
And frozen slush.

And I,
Head down to the swirling wind,
Jostle a woman.
She smiles,
And her scarlet lips
And the wind-whipped color
Of her cheeks,
Stand out for a moment
Against the vivid day.

And my heart cries
To the whip of my blood;
As smiling,
She passes on.

EPITAPH FOR A PURITAN PILGRIM

Six days he toiled and on the seventh
He preached the laws of the Christian life;
Promised the wicked Hell's brimstone fire—
And then went home and beat his wife.



'FREE SPEECH' AND SOCIAL FEAR

By HOWE MARTYN

THE eminent Behaviourist, Doctor John B. Watson, conducted some experiments on new-born babes. In one experiment, the Doctor made himself an ogre for the time being and devoted himself to frightening the infants. He did this with considerable success; he hammered on heavy iron bars within inches of the infants' heads, and he dropped them from heights of three and four feet on to their beds, and he bound them up tightly in sheets so they couldn't move arms or legs; and there was no doubt that the babes became afraid. The success thus achieved gave Doctor Watson some grounds for pride—it really gave his psychological theories considerable help. He was able to deduce that human beings are susceptible to fear right from birth.

The behaviourist's experiments have shown that fear is as deep-rooted as the first hour of human life. They have also exposed a cause that never fails to produce fear, and which no child has to learn, namely, physical restraint. Tightly enclose a child, pin him down, prevent his free movement. He will become afraid. And his fear will express itself as violently as his strength allows, in efforts to escape. The characteristic reaction to fear disclosed by the Watsonian experiments is physical effort against any and all forms of restraint. The little victim kicks and punches and squirms. Instinct compels him to attempt to break clear.

Thus it is with the individual human being. Are these discoveries in the field of individual psychology likely to explain anything of the behaviour of communities, societies, nations—of people in the mass? Sociologists, whose task it is to explain complicated social behaviour, have not decided yet how far groups of people share the nature of individual persons. They are not sure how far society is organic and may be said to think, feel, and the like. But the authorities do agree to this much, that it is valid to draw an analogy between the two sorts of behaviour, and that the analogy may be useful. Doctor Watson's experiments at least suggest, therefore, an investigation into what significance fear has in societies.

Fear by individuals of other individuals has led the majority in modern societies to act corporately to create police. After that, very often, the majority find themselves with good reasons to fear their own creation, so that they establish trial by jury to decide between individuals and police, and so that they call for Parliamentary investigations of police methods. Another familiar stage in the evolution of the influence of fear is that wherein the corporate bodies formed by individuals, i.e. States, become consciously afraid of one another and therefore build up national armaments.

These examples of the influence of social fear are commonplace, partly because the fear thus expressed is consciously recognized by the individuals whose feeling of it brings it into being. But there are other powerful fears of which they are not aware. One of the strongest of these in present-day societies is the fear of economic pressure.

Economic pressure is bearing now on nearly everyone in civilized societies, in ways which are by no

means old. A new form of economic pressure has appeared with the development to its present complexity of the economic machine. A certain amount of economic pressure on people has always existed, since Adam was struck off the 'dole'. There have been famines and shortages of work and debasements of money, and traders have lost their ships and cargoes at sea. But in the nineteenth century civilized society grew beyond serious danger from those sources. In that time wealth multiplied, and security was increased. There might remain a 'submerged tenth' of the population of London which did not know from where its next day's bread was coming. But the rich man's money was safe in strong companies which always paid their dividends. The middle class found a dependable reserve against old age and for their children's education, in government bonds and insurance policies. Skilled tradesmen had their benefit societies; and even the day-labourer began to be insured against sickness, old-age, and unemployment. In that time there was not wealth for all but there was security for most.

The wealth-making machine continued to grow rapidly. Only now, when everyone is drawn into it, does it reveal the magnitude of its essential weakness. This great structure which was to prevent anyone from being poor has now thrown everyone into danger of not having enough on which to live. The reality of this danger is not a pleasant one to face. The envied capitalist is not anxious to admit to himself how many of his shares have paid no dividends this year. He does not advertise the fact if his income has dropped to relatively nothing and he is physically unable to work for a wage if the worst should come to the worst. But it is not unlikely that he is secretly very much afraid. His personal future may trouble him little less than that of the man at the other extreme, who is totally unemployed. Even the middle class of people, the skilled workers and retail store-keepers and the professional people, have reason to feel that their chances of earning decent livings are being attacked.

All of these people are individually afraid. That they all try to conceal, even from themselves, the magnitude of the pressure on them, makes ever stronger the social-fear which they create. If a mass of people are afraid, the social fear produced will be a great and perhaps uncontrollable thing, far more and other than a mere sum of what they individually feel. A flock of sheep is always ready to be scared. Therefore let only one sheep be startled, and off goes the whole flock like mad. It is no disgrace to sheep that they should be so ready to run, nor to good citizens of the United States that they should be now showing some tendency to hoard gold coin. The nature of sheep is what it is; they are not to be expected to act reasonably when an instinct of fear has been given for their own protection. Similarly there are powerful irrational factors in man, which become even more violent and irrational when compounded in aggregations of men. Neither ignoring nor carping at them will take them away.

The most primitive and deep-seated fear is fear

of pressure, or enclosure, and all people are liable to this especially when that which holds the tightening bands about them cannot be seen. It was always by coming up behind and throwing a sheet over my head and then binding my arms, that I used to imagine the 'Goblins who Get you' doing their evil work. Economic pressure is the Goblin of today.

Economic pressure is like a Goblin because its appearance and movements are so hard to see. It is active all about us, and yet it is a mystery. Modern society seems to have gone too far, or else not far enough both in public education and in the complication of its economic structure. Everyone knows, for instance, that we are enjoying our decennial economic depression. These things come round every so often, like visits to the dentist. Some people say however that the present one is different from any previous one—deeper depression, lasting longer. Some even say there is no hope of our coming out of it. But because of the pervasiveness of human optimism, it seems safe to reckon that these last ones mean there is no hope while Mr. Bennett is in office and their parties or schemes disallowed.

However, this depression is unique in at least this way, that it is the best advertised depression we have yet had. Universities have some cause to look on with pride, while it is demonstrated what they have done. Everyone now knows what the economists' term 'depression' means. Everyone is talking of 'trade-cycles'. Newspapers are putting foreign-exchange quotations on the front page. Retail store-keepers are taking down the living-room pictures and hanging instead framed graphs of wholesale price movements. And a whole battery of professors of economics are paid handsomely by newspapers to prove that the depression is not here at all.

These professors may be telling their own true stories, if the newspapers' cheques are large enough to chase their financial worries away. But society is still afraid. It will take a long time to exorcise from the memory of the mass the hidden thought that insurance companies might fall and destroy that shelter so carefully built up for loved wives and hopeful children; or the hate for a political machine that puts nothing between self-respecting skilled engineers and road-work.

We now know too much to be easily calmed. We know that the grocer's new prices are not profiteering, if the country has abandoned the gold standard. We know that the chain-store cannot give us credit for its cut-price goods. We know how the banker's rate of lending influences everybody's profits. But we do not know enough to see a way out of our difficulties. Society has a sack over its head, and it does not know who put it there.

Fear never ends in itself. Even Doctor Watson's day-old babe does some kicking,—and in any old direction. Doctor Watson would be the logical person to kick, but unfortunately the babe does not know that. Society too is kicking, and is likely in the near future to kick more. Some may think that the logical place to kick is at tariffs, and 'dear-money' policies of banks, and reparations, and mortgage burdens on Western farmers. But these matters are in doubt among the experts, so social feelings cannot be expected to seek outlet against them.

It remains a fact that this social emotion must find

some outlet for itself. What happens usually with these unrecognized and therefore not-consciously directed emotions is that they burst out. What is happening now is that society's reservoir of emotion is becoming ever fuller. We are almost in the mood for war. Let some excuse intervene between France and Germany, or Japan and China, or even the United States and Russia—there is everywhere accumulated fear fermenting into hate. When this acid sprays forth, it will do so in directions which need have no logical connection with the causes which created it. Social fear is a generalized fear, due to broad causes not consciously recognized, and likely to produce a reaction against any seeming threat.

Of what significance against a broad and strong society like Canada's are a few Communists probably so obtuse as to believe in the Marxian labour theory of value? Or 68 mild professors, even should they all have worked out anarchist philosophies for themselves? No individual Canadian who thought about the matter would regard such as these as causes of their troubles. But a mass of men has no mind for even the most obvious logic. The mass can only feel the stabbings of misery, and then act against any obstacle that presents itself.

Communists in Canada have been given a punishment which may well be more than their actual offenses deserve. Their case however is not peculiar. They have been brought before the public at a time when the public is less sane than it usually is. They have been made scape-goats. Society is doing more things than imprison 'Reds' under the same circumstances of economic pressure and social fear. It is fighting 'dumping' as if this were its arch-enemy, instead of an old form of industrialism's own weapon, competition. And let it not for a moment be thought that social fear is exhausted, or knows where to stop in the violence of its expression. Anything or anyone which challenges the great body of social prejudices puts itself or himself in the place of an enemy, and will meet vindictive punishment from blind forces seeking release. Radical art provides such a threat; critics of religion, innovators in personal morals, the same. It is a bad time for any person, organization, or movement which disagrees with the prejudices of society.

It must be obvious, finally, that this is no time to talk of abstract rights like free speech or political criticism. Appeal to reason is now beside the point. Society is in no mood for it. It will not, it cannot listen. Society is sick with fear. In the existing circumstances, the need is for positive treatment rather than irritated intellectual criticism. It is necessary to give people security again, to give them economic security with a minimum condition of steady work at fair wages. And all that is not enough. We are going to remember this depression. We must become confident that there will be no more of them. Therefore the ultimate requirement is a planned social economy, which will eliminate the curse.

THE CANADIAN FORUM, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.

SEATS FOR SALESWOMEN

By CONSTANCE E. HAMILTON

THE next time you go down town count the sales-girls that you see sitting down. Then count the seats behind the counters or otherwise available for their use. After that go to the nearest library and look up the text of the Ontario *Factory, Shop, and Office Building Act*. You will find a paragraph which reads as follows:—

In any shop in which young girls or women are employed the employer shall at all times provide and keep therein a sufficient and suitable chair or seat for the use of every such young girl or woman, and shall permit her to use such chair or seat when not necessarily engaged in the work or duty for which she is employed; and the employer shall not by any open or covert threat, rule or other intimidation, expressed or implied, or by any contrivance, prevent any female employee from using such chair or seat.

Ontario is not unique in this requirement. In Great Britain, for instance, the *Shop Act of 1912* makes specific provision that 'all rooms of a shop where female shop-assistants are employed in the serving of customers' must be equipped with 'seats behind the counter, or in such other position as may be suitable for the purpose . . . in the proportion of not less than one seat to every three female shop assistants employed in each room.' The seating laws of the United States date back to the eighteen-eighties, and today only two states, Mississippi and New Mexico, make no legal provision as to adequate seating accommodation for women workers. In other industrial countries, such as Germany, the situation is the same, the law requires that female employees shall have an opportunity to sit down when not actively engaged in their duties.

This widespread legislation reflects the unanimous opinion of authorities on health and fatigue that the matter is urgent. The effects of standing for hours every day are particularly bad in the case of women. Their anatomical and physiological characteristics, designed for the performance of the maternal function, make them especially susceptible to fatigue and overstrain. To quote Josephine Goldmark 'The unmarried as well as the married woman . . . is subject to the physical limitations of her sex, and each suffers alike from those incidents of industrial work most detrimental to the female reproductive system, such as . . . prolonged standing.*'

The consequences are serious from the point of view of society. Constant standing is likely to damage the efficiency of women as mothers. There is abundant evidence as to the reality of this danger. Most convincing is the data accumulated by the Select Committees which in England investigated the advisability for extending the Factory Act to include stores. The reports 'dwell insistently upon the injuries from the long hours and the continuous standing upon the generative organs.' The result is all too often uterine and pelvic disease, producing complete sterility. Here in Canada the proportion of working women who are engaged in 'trade and merchandising' has been increasing steadily, as the census returns show. In 1921 there were nearly 80,000 of them, many of whom

probably work only until they marry and then set up house. Evidently it is highly desirable to make every possible effort to prevent their store work from causing difficulty in motherhood or rendering it impossible for them to have children at a later date.

Further, standing all day impairs the sales-girl's general health. She suffers from fallen arches, varicose veins and similar ailments which are reported as common effects. She is particularly liable to illness on account of the excessive fatigue caused by long hours of standing.

This fatigue is in itself serious. The customers' frailty is admitted and met by the provision of chairs. Is the sales-girl of a different clay, that she is supposed to suffer no inconvenience, not from an hour or two of shopping, but from eight hours of standing behind a counter? She is as liable to exhaustion as the ladies whom she attends, and often goes home worn out at the end of the day, even if there has been no rush of business, by the mere effort of standing about all the time. Indeed standing waiting in slack times is perhaps more tiring than the constant movement and activity of the busy season. Is it possible for anyone to live a satisfactory sort of life when she is in a chronic state of weariness from one week's end to another?

Is it even possible for her to do a good day's work? It is surely conceivable that a girl who could sit down when not actually engaged in selling would rise more alertly to meet the next customer and would show greater resource and enthusiasm in meeting her wants, than do the overtired, languid sales-clerks who are so often encountered today. Perhaps then, the provision of seats and the elimination of the unnecessary strain of uninterrupted standing would be to the advantage of the stores themselves.

The danger to motherhood and to health, the danger of undue fatigue and reduced efficiency, sufficiently accounts for the legal requirement of seating facilities. It makes the actual situation in Toronto as regards this provision the more surprising. Here as in other cities and other countries this law has proved particularly difficult to enforce.

There are very few stores in the city which in fact comply with its provisions. Sales-girls are not provided with seats. The managements of the large stores admit it frankly, and insist that they can do nothing about it. It is impossible to put seats behind a counter without interfering with the freedom of movement of the clerks, who do not desire seats themselves. Customers would object to seeing the girls seated; probably lolling in the chair and inattentive to their needs. The clerks should be standing alert ready to go half way to meet the slightest gesture that the customer desires something—making sales and not merely waiting for them. In any case, if there is time for them to sit about, there must be too many sales-assistants.

These do not seem to be unanswerable arguments. Chairs, perhaps, are impossible behind the sales counter, but there are specially designed seats, known to the Department of Factory Inspection, which can be used effectively without inconvenience. Customers may

*Josephine Goldmark: *Fatigue and Efficiency*, Ch. 11, p. 41.

be as selfish and unreasonable as the stores suggest, but what harm would their objections do to anyone if all the stores allowed their employees to sit down when not occupied? They would scarcely reduce their purchases seriously, while such objection is surely short sighted, for a tired sales-girl is unlikely to be responsive to opportunities for business. The pressure of work is inevitably uneven during any day, and a sales force large enough for the busy hours must have intervals of idleness, while the volume of sales is somewhat irregular at any time.

Even if the provision of seats for sales-girls were practicable, the store authorities maintain that this is not necessary. They point to their elaborate welfare work—a rest room upstairs, lunch rooms with reduced prices for food, a hospital and dental clinic, a gymnasium, a camp. Do not these facilities more than offset the lack of seats? Besides the girls are given twenty minutes off morning and afternoon to rest or shop, and they can go at any time to rest if not feeling well. There is absolutely no need for them to sit down while they are at work.

If this is the case, why do we keep on the statute books a superfluous law requiring seats? Why do we not recognize its uselessness, not by failure to enforce it but by repeal? But if it is necessary, then surely compliance with its provisions should be compelled. The urgency of using every possible device to relieve girls from the strain of much standing has been pointed out. As a means of averting disastrous results to health and efficiency rest periods and rest rooms are a valuable supplement to seats on the selling floor. But do they make the seats unnecessary? In any case they are not available in all stores. It is only the large, well-equipped businesses which provide such facilities for their employees. In the smaller stores seats are absolutely essential.

The mere physical provision of chairs alone is not enough. Enforcement of seating laws has always and everywhere been peculiarly difficult as it is all too easy to prevent girls from using what seats there are by the most unobtrusive hints. It takes a very skilful inspector to make sure that the law is being obeyed. If it is being disregarded, it is difficult to enforce obedience. A penalty of from \$10 to \$25 is perhaps worth while incurring as an alternative to providing seats, and so the Department of Factory Inspection is helpless to see that the law is observed.

The case is clear for public insistence on more effective control of seating accommodation in stores, perhaps through amendment of the law itself. Political pressure is necessary, but political pressure alone will not win the day. Customers are supposed to be the chief obstacle to the provision of seats. Customers then have it in their power to see that seats are given to employees, by making it clear in the stores that they will not tolerate continued breach of the law.



NEWS from the outside world is front-page stuff again in our Canadian papers just as in 1914-18.

Headlines about Japan and China, special despatches from London and Geneva, are what we look for first. But it is a curious fact that in all this turmoil one searches our newspapers in vain for any information about what the policy of the Canadian Government is, or any discussion about what it ought to be, in these critical times. Announcements from Washington or Tokyo or London or Paris are eagerly reproduced and featured. But on the Ottawa front all is quiet. Canadian nationalists who have been wont to pride themselves on the new world position achieved by this country since 1914 might reflect with profit upon this interesting phenomenon. In no other country of our size and importance can there be so great a contrast between the activity of the leading statesmen since 1914 in undertaking new international responsibilities, and the apathy of the people concerning the significance of the new position to which they have allowed themselves to be committed.

The crisis in the Far East dates from September 18 last. But, so far as I have been able to discover, it has not yet occurred to any Canadian newspaper editor that Canada is herself a member of the new post-war international organization which has been so contemptuously flouted by Japan. They discuss Manchuria and Shanghai, the League of Nations and the Nine-Power Treaty, with the same serene detachment with which their sports editors report the results of the cricket matches between Australia and South Africa. In England there is a lively controversy as to what British policy should be in view of the three scraps of paper to which British signatures are attached—the League Covenant, the Nine-Power Treaty, and the Kellogg Pact. In Canada an inquiring reader is apt to wonder sometimes whether our editors are yet aware that Canadian signatures are also attached to these same three treaties.

* * *

THIS widespread indifference to our international commitments has been typical of Canadian public opinion ever since we signalized our new status by signing the Treaty of Versailles and becoming an original member of the League. The obligations imposed by membership in the League were a subject of fierce and bitter discussion in the United States; and in the end the Americans refused to come in. But we accepted the Covenant blithely, although it is now public knowledge that Sir Robert Borden at Paris objected strongly to Article 10 on very much the same grounds as those adopted by the American Senate.

And, ever since we have been taking part in the Geneva experiment, it has been extremely difficult to get from our newspapers any clear idea of what our various delegations have done there. Even when Canada was a member of the Council and her representative was participating every three months in the most vital discussions about European and world

affairs we paid little attention. Apparently Canada was elected to the Council on the understanding that she would take up the Minorities question, and Senator Dandurand did raise it at the first opportunity. But what was done? Did he continue to press the matter or was the Minorities business only a stunt for the benefit of European minorities who had votes in Western Canada? Nobody knows, or cares. Our annual delegations to the Assembly in September all come back professing to be profoundly impressed with the importance of what goes on at Geneva. But the impression never seems to be a lasting one except with some of the non-governmental delegates like Miss MacPhail or Mrs. Plumptre. A couple of years ago I asked an eminent citizen of Geneva, a gentleman who has played a considerable part in League activities, what contribution Canada had made to the work of the League. He replied that her main contribution had been a magnificent speech about our three thousand miles of undefended frontier; that, when they heard the speech first at Geneva in 1920, it made a great stir; but that now, having heard the same speech for ten years from each fresh delegation to the Assembly, they were becoming slightly bored. If this Geneva critic was unfair, where can one get the material to refute him? Certainly not in the files of our Canadian newspapers.

* * *

WE had an illuminating instance of this Canadian apathy in 1924. At the Assembly of that year the so-called Geneva Protocol was drafted and signed amidst great enthusiasm. The purpose of the Protocol was to provide machinery by which all conceivable international disputes could be submitted to pacific methods of settlement and by which an aggressor nation which had broken its obligations could be immediately and automatically identified, and concerted action against it could be taken by the other members of the League. Senator Dandurand came home apparently full of enthusiasm for the Protocol. It was summarily rejected by his Cabinet colleagues. The Senator thereupon continued placidly about his senatorial duties, and no one even took enough interest to ask questions concerning this curious breach of Cabinet solidarity. Imagine a British Cabinet of those days in which the members were openly opposed to one another on a question of foreign policy as important as the Protocol!

* * *

SO now today, when Japan has torn up three scraps of paper, we content ourselves with asking what Great Britain or the United States is going to do about it. We did not even show any quickened interest when the British Foreign Office rather ostentatiously declined to associate itself with the Stimson note drawing Japan's attention to the Nine-Power Treaty of 1922. Back in 1921, when the question of renewing the Anglo-Japanese alliance came up, the Canadian Government had very decided views of its own. Mr. Meighen pointed out most emphatically that the alliance created anti-British feeling in the United States and that it was an essential point in Canadian policy that the Empire must not adopt lines of action which tended to alienate American feeling. But a month ago, when the British Government seemed

again to be siding with Japan rather than the United States, there was no public sign of protest from Canada, nor did any newspaper ask what correspondence had passed between London and Ottawa on the subject. It is unlikely that there was any correspondence since Mr. Bennett was probably too busy drafting new Orders-in-Council for the raising of textile duties to bother with such trifles. But these delicate negotiations between London and Washington and Tokyo, carried on as they are in the midst of armed conflict, inevitably raise once more in an acute form all the old difficult questions as to the cooperation of the members of the Commonwealth in foreign policy and as to the extent to which one of them can bind the others.

* * *

LET us remind ourselves in Canada of what some of our international commitments are. (1) By the League Covenant every member binds itself to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League. If disputes arise between members which are likely to lead to a rupture, they promise to submit the matter to arbitration or judicial settlement or to inquiry by the Council; and they agree in no case to resort to war until three months after the award by the arbitrators or the judicial decision or the report by the Council. Should any member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenants it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League who undertake immediately to subject it to the severance of all trade and financial relations.

(2) By the Nine-Power Washington Treaty of 1922 (signed by Sir Robert Borden for the Dominion of Canada) each of the contracting Powers agrees to respect the sovereignty, the independence, and the territorial and administrative integrity of China; to provide the fullest and most unembarrassed opportunity to China to develop and maintain for herself an effective and stable government; to maintain the open door in China, and to refrain from taking advantage of conditions there in order to seek special rights or privileges for itself. And they also agree to full and frank communication among them if a situation arises which, in the opinion of any one of them, involves the application of the stipulations of this Treaty.

(3) By the Kellogg Pact of 1928 (signed on behalf of Canada by Mr. Mackenzie King) the high contracting parties solemnly declare that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies and renounce it as an instrument of national policy. They agree that the settlement of all disputes of whatever nature which may arise among them shall never be sought except by pacific means.

Of course it may be that these treaties do not apply to the present situation in China. Japan is not encroaching upon the sovereignty of China in Manchuria; she is merely clearing out some bandits. She has not resorted to war against China in Shanghai; she is merely murdering a few Chinese. But does it not behoove us in Canada to be a little more conscious of the fact that we, as well as the United States and Great Britain and Japan, are members of the international system which was set up by these treaties?

F. H. U.

SEPTEMBER SONATA

By ELEANOR McNAUGHT

ALLEGRO

SOMEbody is running past on the beach. But it is scarcely daylight, and how could their feet make so much noise on sand. What is that clashing? How stupid. We are back in town of course, and they are the feet of the milkman's horse pounding on the pavement. How good it is to be home again. The harmony. Happiness consists of harmony. How can there be harmony with guests coming and going, and with driving to town for John every week-end? The mad scramble of moving back to town. Wells was right. People shouldn't own things. Now the stream is clear. Running toward winter. School days for the children. Lovely fireside winter evenings.

The yellow curtains are lovely, stirring in the breeze. How pungent it smells. Does the autumn air of any country but Canada have just that fragrance of forest fires in the north. It carries the spirit of tragedy. Like the bronze bell of China whose tone could only be made perfect by the addition of human blood. There is an unpleasant thought from yesterday. What was it? That is St. Monica's bell. How its note rises and falls with the wind. My covers are all on the floor. I like the mauve against the yellow. Oh, that was the unpleasantness. The heat of yesterday. Ninety-eight in the shade. All of us trying to work as hard as ever. A series of mental thunderstorms. My temper was disgraceful. Must do better today. This shower feels good. I will hurry down and get fresh flowers for the breakfast table. This starched dress must be my backbone. I hope it stays stiff all day.

* * *

Betty's down before me again. Oh well, she probably gets a kick out of the superiority complex it gives. Mothers have to be satisfied with these little thrills now and then. I don't mind staying in bed if it helps. Lord, how hot it was yesterday. It feels nice now, with that wind blowing through the room. I wonder if we'll pull off that contract with Smithson today. He's not much of a specimen. Bob sounded fed-up last night. All the men keep talking of leaving the city and taking up a farm, but none of them are doing it. The youngsters' schooling is the trouble. Though some pretty smart men and women come from country schools. Peter is a good kid. I crabbed him last night. But it's no good letting green youngsters go to those movies. They believe all they see, and it isn't good enough. Sally is different now. She never wants anything much but a box of paints and some paper. I wonder if all little girls are as easy to bring up. If they are, when do they begin to make trouble? Nowadays a man is too busy making a living for his family to try understanding them much. The winter bills will start coming in next week. Well, if this Smithson affair goes through things will be a bit easier.

There go Peter's feet on the floor. I'll have to be snappy or he'll beat me to the shower. Gosh, it's good to have Betty and the kids home again. It even smells better. Violet talcum instead of dust. Mari-golds on the dresser. Today won't be so bad.

* * *

Gee, I've beaten Dad to the shower again. I'm not going to put underwear on today. I didn't need it at the lake, so I don't need it here. I'll stick it under the mattress and Mom won't know. I don't see why we have to have arithmetic. I wish I was grown up right now. I'd show them. I'm not going to work in any office when I'm a man. They'll be threshing most likely today up at the farm. There's Grandpa getting up now. Must be rotten to be as old as that. I hate the way his feet slag along on the floor. Dad must get sore having to yell at him every time he speaks to him. I guess I talked too much to Dad last night. He's a great guy. If Sally'd only keep her mouth out of it there wouldn't be so much row. Girls need a good punch, but Mom won't let me touch her. Mom gets so excited over things. Oh well, it is cooler today. Say, the wind smells great.

* * *

There, it's half-past seven. I wish I could finish this chapter. It's too hot for tunics. I wish I could wear my shorts. Wouldn't Miss Andrews look funny if I did. I'm not going in to wash. I had a bath last thing last night. Then I'll beat Peter getting down. Betty envies me my green pencil box. I wonder if the caterpillar is alive yet. He doesn't get much air in there. Oh yes, he is. I'll let him crawl all over my desk at school in drawing period. Maybe I could draw him with all his feet walking. That toast smells good. I could eat for an hour. There's Grandpa starting down. Now I'll have to wait, and Peter'll catch up to me. I'd go down the railing, only Mother gets so fussed.

* * *

There's a pleasant air blowing in at the window now. Makes me feel young again. As long as I don't move, I feel young as ever I did. Now if I could only give a spring from the bed, like when I was a young lad. But no, I must creak and grunt like a rusty old gate. There's that stab in the back again, and down my leg. But that's nothing to do with my heart. Well, I must just take my time and puff it out, and after breakfast I'll sit a while in the garden. Thank God I'm easy pleased, for there's not much a man can do when he's past eighty. My, it's a grand morn. Last night I felt my release couldn't come soon enough, but there's a lot of pleasure to be had in sitting in the sunshine and watching the little ones and the dogs run about. Let them run while they can.

* * *

PRESTO AGITATO

There goes the noon whistle. I thought I could have finished this smocking. I must put the kettle on. I didn't hear Anna go down. I don't believe she forgets. She just waits to see if I'll do things first. It must be fun to be Sally, eating lunch out under the trees with the other girls. Nice things like that don't happen to boys. Poor Peter is so stormy. I'm not much help to him. I wonder if Darwin knew what he was talking about when he went into the matter of inherited modulations. Peter deserved better of me, after all the sweating I've done trying to acquire a calm and meditative mind. There's

that idiotic phone again. 'I'm busy, Anna. No, I can't come. Father! Oh my God, where is he?' That was my ankle twisted. I'll break this lock some day, when it sticks like this . . . There he comes, in somebody's car. He's sitting up, anyway. 'Anna, get the bottle of ammonia on Father's dresser at once, and a glass with a tiny bit of water in it. Stay at the door here. I'm phoning the doctor.' Of course he must have gone walking again, with the sun blazing like a furnace. I'm glad John and Peter aren't here, anyway. It takes so much out of them. That settles Sally's dress, poor lamb. 'Anna, will you get the electric fan set up near his bed? My ankle seems to be swelling.'

* * *

Why does that fat bluebottle, buzzing on the window pane in the sun, seem particularly obscene? It's hot, and it's September. It suggests decay, putrefaction, things that crawl. Like Smithson there. What's he saying now? Lord, I must keep my mind on this. Why can't Bob let well enough alone?

'Of course we could reduce the cost by using cheaper materials and cutting out certain features of the plan. But we understood you wanted a first-class job, and we can guarantee both materials and workmanship at the figure we've quoted.'

Bah! True, of course, and Smithson probably knows it as well as I do. But he's crooked himself, and he thinks we are too. Thinks he can beat us down. Well, he'll find out.

I'm afraid I must agree with my partner, Mr. Smithson. The kind of building we could put up for you at the price you suggest wouldn't reflect credit on either of us—on your product or our reputation.'

Well, that's done it. He's going. Perhaps if we'd taken him to lunch, we might have got under his skin. Now we've probably made an enemy for life. Of course Bob thinks I'm a damn fool.

'Sorry, Bob. I couldn't help it. It's this cursed heat. Come into my office and have a drink.'

* * *

There's nothing wrong with my writing. Landor must be sore. He never crabbed me before. I wish they had orange crush for luck. Gee, there's chicken sandwiches in my lunch. The grapes have gone squashy. I wish Anna wouldn't keep putting them in. That Norris is a dirty guy. He thinks because they run a Cadillac and have a chauffeur, he can put it all over everyone. If he trips me up again, I'll punch him one. He's a bruiser, but I bet if I got mad enough I could trim him. I'm not going to stay for cricket this aft. even if Bill does. They're mutts to play on a day like this. I'll go home and get under the shower. Gosh, wouldn't it be great to be in the lake right now, and no homework to do tonight. When I grow up . . . Here comes Norris again—'You dirty cow, you did so. You knocked it over on purpose . . .'

'Yes sir . . . No sir . . . Yes sir . . . ' Now I've got to stay after school. Landor's a dam fool. Couldn't he see I didn't start it? I'll kill that Norris first chance I get. Huh! This is what Grandpa calls the best part of my life. I wish I was up in that airplane. It's a funny shape. First five dollars I can save I'm going to get a ride at Leaside some day. It doesn't

matter if it does crash, it couldn't be worse than school.

* * *

I can't finish my lunch. It's too hot. Those two white butterflies have been flying about so close together, for ages. I think one of them wants to sit down, but it can't until the other one does. There they go, over the cedars. They must be cool, with just white nighties on. I have fifteen cents. Betty said she got her turtle for five cents. I wonder if we could run fast as anything down to the store and back, and get a turtle and some turtle food. Miss Andrews is over helping Three B with their garden. It's just a quarter past twelve now . . . My it's hot running. Betty's legs are so fat she gets all out of breath . . . Oh, you told me the turtles were only five cents, and they're ten. Well, I've got him anyway. Isn't he a dear, with his little head poking up. We can't run back, or the water will spill out. I never thought about that. Oh dear, we're going to be dreadfully late. Praps we'll have to go to Miss Troyer. I wonder what they do to you for breaking bounds. My tummy feels queer. There's water all down my tunic. I wish Betty wouldn't cry. There! They've all gone in. We must have been gone a whole hour. It looks so dreadful and still. I feel sick. I wish I hadn't eaten those plums at lunch. It must be that that makes me feel so queer and cold inside . . . Well, I didn't think she'd take my turtle. Pig, she is.

* * *

There isn't a thing wrong with me. Just a stitch in my side same as I've had many a time before. I wish Betty wouldn't get all excited. Such a to-do they made. Doctor and all. Soon as she gets out of the room I'm going to get up and walk over to the window. I know I can make it as far as the table, and then if I have to drop, I'll just drop onto the couch. I'll take it slow. There's my cane right here by my hand. Just three steps I make it. Maybe four. Then a flop. There's the *Globe* over there, and I've not had a chance to look it over yet. What's that headline about Snowden? My eyes are most as good as ever they were. There's not many at my age could read that from over here . . . There she goes now, to the telephone. There's one step. Now another. Steady there . . . If I can only just . . . Ah . . . 'No luck that time either, my dear.'

* * *

ADAGIO

My ankle does look pretty, tied up like that. Silly, futile things our bodies are. And the doctor pulled such a sanctimonious face when I said I could design a better body, blindfolded. 'The body is a wonderful thing,' said he. 'Marvelous.' He only meant it was intricate. Well, so is a jungle. Nature is so long-winded and clumsy. Maybe some day we will be able to do something about it. Oh this heat, and those everlasting trucks pounding past. Queer little worms we are, pondering on this and that, when just a few degrees more heat would dissolve us into some other expression of energy. How we struggle to keep the form we have—the light flickering tenaciously along the wires of the bulb, so afraid that if the wires burn out there won't be any more electricity. I am so tired. All these years, and I've never done any one real thing that I could point to and say 'I did that, therefore it was worth while

that I was created.' Why do we want to do things anyway? The plants don't struggle with the worms. They just let themselves be consumed peaceably. Those dahlia buds will never come out now. They are just drying up in the sun. I can't help it. Funny to think some day I too will be drying up, out in the sun, and blowing about with the wind.

* * *

I was a fool to light on Smithson like that. A man with a family can't afford to do anything he likes. The bootleggers seem to be the only free citizens these days. It would be a rest to let go altogether. Does the thought of letting go rest you, or is it unhealthy? They don't work down in the south seas where it is as hot as this. But they say a white man goes to pieces when he stops working. What do they mean by going to pieces? Quitting the herd, I suppose. Not being a good mixer. I wonder if I could think now, if I had the time to do it. Probably not. My brains have gone addled with the heat. A devil of a lot is expected of one man in his lifetime these days. I wonder how Peter will be able to stand up to it. With all those years of schooling before him, he'll be worn out getting ready to live. I'll probably not be here to find out. What's the good of it all?

* * *

Fool. Fool. Fool. Old Landor thinks he's smart. Big bully. If I do all these lines, I'm not going to do my homework. I won't get home now till five o'clock. There goes Bill. I might have known he wouldn't wait. I'm not coming to school tomorrow. I just won't get up at all. I wish I could get up to the lake by myself. I could manage there all right. Get a couple of cans of beans and some milk from Joe. Dad thinks he's all right about this school stuff, but Edison didn't go to school, and look at him. I'll bet he didn't know Latin or Algebra. You can smell the cars clean in here. I wonder how the air gets in here from three streets away, when there isn't any wind. Gosh it smells awful. Hot oil and gas. There's a bee. I wish it would sting Landor plump on the nose. There's perspiration running down his forehead. Darn this rotten pen.

* * *

I wish Miss Andrews would stop talking to me. I didn't do anything dreadful. Mother wouldn't have minded. She just wants to see if she can't make me cry. It's so hot, and my eyes feel tingly. I told her it wasn't Betty's fault, and she keeps going on and on. Betty's a cry-baby anyway. I feel all cold and sick inside. If Mummy were here she'd know what was the matter. Oh I wish she'd leave me alone. Mopping my face with her smelly old handkerchief. I don't see why she calls me dear. If she really liked me she would give me back my turtle.

* * *

Yes, I thought I was well away that time. I'd have been glad. No more of this puffing and wheezing. Just to breathe free again. Going out is like to be a great experience. Every time that pain comes I think it's all over, but they always manage to drag me back again. Some day the ammonia bottle won't be there, or the digitalis, and then off I'll go to the angels. It's been many a weary day since I've had a walk to the woods. Soon winter will be here, and I'll be shut in like a bear in a tree. That was a good dream I had last night. John was there, my

brother John. Taking the cows home, down the old Brock Road. I could see him ahead of me, with the sun all round him, and calling me to come on. How clear he looked to me. He must have been about fifteen then, like young Peter. Now he's been dead these thirty years. They've all gone on but me. Well, well, better luck next time.

* * *

ANDANTE TRANQUILLO

There comes the breeze again. The sprinkler must be on the grass. Ah, the earth smells glorious. I want to bury my face in the cool wetness of it. John and Peter seem to come to life at sunset, like the nicotine. Hear them laughing. I must tell Sally that Miss Andrews phoned to say she could have her turtle back in the morning. This ankle isn't going to amount to anything. It will give me a chance to finish my smocking. I must pickle those tomatoes in the morning. Perhaps I could take Father for a ride in the afternoon. Today I thought I could never do anything again, and now the whole world is mine. Just because I tasted the evening breeze. How sharp and brilliant the patterns are, of the red sunset and the black angles of the houses. That one pine tree, and the night hawk circling around it. The sky seems so high and so near tonight, as if a curtain had been withdrawn, far up in Infinity—somewhere near where Einstein's curve takes place, or used to take place when he believed in it. I think of the Everlasting Arms, and the Hound of Heaven. There is peace and security all about me. And just because of the west wind.

* * *

Good boy Peter. He's watering the grass. A family is the best antidote I know of for a day down in that 'nice cool sewer.' Look at that robin hopping around under the drops. Sally's garden is coming along fine. I'm darned if she hasn't built a cage for the toad in it. Ah, this is the life. When I finish this pipe I might take a stab at finishing that sketch I started this summer. Put in a few licks at it, anyway. It will get me in better shape for tomorrow. 'Fair and cool,' the paper says. There's Betty, hobbling around with a stick, tying up her nicotine. How she would like to live in the country. Women aren't very practical. We may manage it some day. I'm glad we finished with Smithson. We'd never have worked together, anyhow. Bob's a good partner. Jove, that breeze is great stuff. I'll just close my eyes for a while, and inhale.

* * *

I'm glad Sally had Joan here when I got this hose. She always wants it, but she doesn't like to fight when she has company. I wonder if I could take a drink out of it. The drops look so cold, like ice. Gee, I hit the back of Dad's chair with it. It won't go through though. It's nice out here now. The sky's colored like my nasturtiums. Mine are the best in the garden. I got my arithmetic all right. I wouldn't have, if the wind hadn't come up and made it cool. It's going to be great for sleeping tonight. I haven't finished *The Rancho on the Oxhide* yet either. I wish I'd been living here then. There wouldn't have been any houses at all. I'll be able to read for an hour, because Mom won't come in early tonight. I wonder if I can reach that cat. Gee, see it run.

* * *

It was nice having supper up here on the verandah. I didn't know running hard in the sun would make you feel sick inside. I'm going to get my turtle back, so perhaps Miss Andrews is sorry she was so mean. I got A in drawing today. When I grow up I'm going to be an artist. But I'd like to live on the prairie and ride horseback. I like big men, with beards all over their faces and deep voices. Women just sound silly when they sing. We all sound so silly in class with our funny voices squeaking away. The wind feels like velvet all over my face. I'm drinking it, just like you drink water. Here comes Puff. I wonder if he could sleep up here in my bed, if I hid him under the covers. But he will poke his nose out when Mother comes in. Puff, I'm awfully happy inside me.

* * *

Well, well, another day gone, and I'm still here,

and the garden is still here. The end of the day is the best part. It minds me of when I was a boy. Those days seem clearer to me now than things that happened just a year or so ago. And Father and Mother and all of us young ones would get out in the garden after supper. We would be scuffling about and chasing each other, but I still mind the smell of the roses. My Mother had real roses then, not like these little bits of things. Great big pink and red ones they were, like cabbages, and you could smell them a mile away. Mother was always going around among them, picking off dead leaves, and making rose bowls for sick people. This makes me feel now just as I did then, the smell of the flowers. The Bible has some great verses in it. I take pleasure reading it now. I like to think on that one 'At eventime there shall be light.' With that smell of the garden, and the queer sunset light, I feel just as I did when I was a lad, with my Mother going about among her flowers . . .

AMERICAN MOVIES IN FRANCE

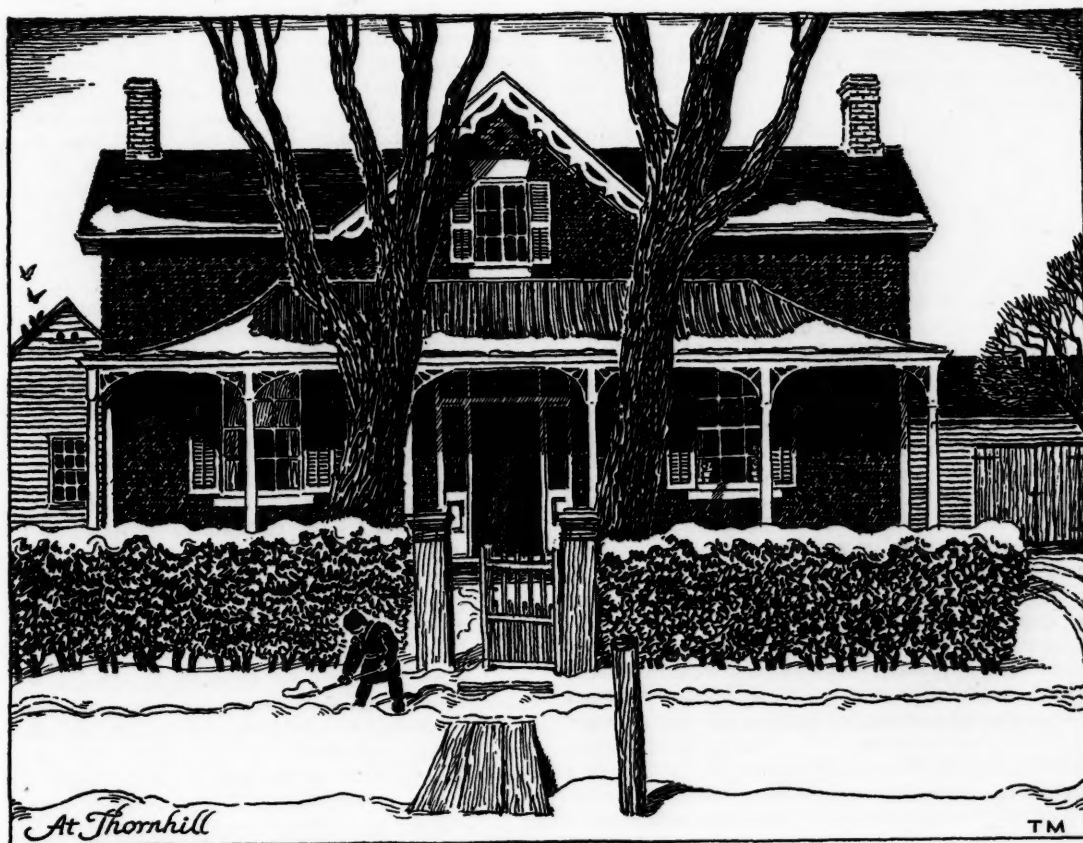
By LOUIS CHAVANCE

THE word inter-relations may seem to a certain extent ludicrously inappropriate. The relations at present established are comparable rather to those of merchant and consumer, of teacher and pupil, of the judge and the prisoner in the dock; for if there is indeed a continuous stream of films flowing across the Atlantic in the direction of Europe, no counter-current brings to the new continent any example of our activity. Formerly, perhaps, well before the war, this condition was reversed. Beyond a doubt, the moving picture industry of France held at that time the leading place in world-production. This is indeed the principal excuse that our directors advance for making bad films; it is the consolation of producers, the favourite theme of journalists. Everything is perfect, if our cinematographic art was formerly vigorous and prosperous. There is no longer any need to set the imagination to work; the quality of the films will perhaps return as mysteriously as it disappeared. In the meantime, or at least up to the appearance of the talking picture—and even since then—France has remained, so far as the movies are concerned, a dependency of America. Canadian readers will doubtless be interested in the history of the influence that American films have had in France; for they have seen them, and may be surprised to learn the reactions they have aroused in our public.

In the first place one must emphasize the fact that apart from all the influence of which we are consciously aware, and in advance of the literary reception given these films by the intellectuals, the first American movies exercised a profound attraction on the mass of spectators. Thousands of workmen, clerks, and children were convulsed with laughter or wept hot tears in the presence of Charlie Chaplin, or Lillian Gish, before ever the first writer ventured into one of those obscure halls that the cultured despised. It happened during and immediately after the war. The moving-picture industries of Italy, Germany, and France were

employing their staffs in the ruin of other things than reels of celluloid. Nothing but American productions could be seen, but what we forget to mention when explaining how the American films acquired their supremacy at this date, these were undeniably much superior to all the others. During all the time that Europe took to recover a certain equilibrium, the American films had ample leisure to perfect themselves and complete their conquest of the masses.

I do not know what inferiority complex is responsible for the hostility that these works aroused for a long time in that section of the public that has the reputation of 'forming opinion'—I mean the intellectual public, more numerous, more active, and perhaps more infelicitous in Paris than in any other city in the world. The history of cinematographic relations between France and America is the account of the currents of opinion set up in this class of spectator. It was impossible to deny the value of the great productions that were beginning to come from Hollywood, but the pretence was kept up of considering the cinema as an inferior art. A little later, interest in screen spectacles increased; the German and Swedish producers took on a new lease of life, conceiving the admirable cycle of romantic films linked with the names of Fritz Lang, Paul Leni, Murnau, Seastrom; affording an excellent pretext to oppose their activity to that of their Californian rivals. This brilliant blaze soon burnt itself out, and did not at all hinder the slow and sure infiltration of American films. Many of these bore the stamp of utter mediocrity; still, from time to time a diamond glittered in the heap of pebbles. When the brief flowering of the German and Scandinavian schools had come to an end, the American product continued to make good its position. At this moment appeared a number of Soviet films whose novelty won them a sensational welcome. They were forbidden by the censorship. It was necessary to see them in private, a double pleasure for this kind of audience. It is thus that at Paris one



A HOUSE AT THORNHILL

BY THOREAU MACDONALD

might admire such masterpieces as Eisenstein's *Cruiser Potemkin*, Pudovkin's *Mother*, or Dovjenco's *Earth*.

It must be remarked that this struggle between the American films and the different forms of cinematographic activity in Europe had nothing whatever to do with the quality of the films. The German and Russian films may have been very fine; the films imported from the United States probably were not less so. One must even acknowledge that the public on the whole preferred the latter. But for some mysterious reason such and such a German or Russian production gained the approbation of the élite. Certain unique organizations contributed to the creation and maintenance of these currents of opinion: I refer to the cinema clubs that played such an important part in the life of Paris from 1925 to 1930. These clubs were private organizations, a fact which permitted them to show films forbidden by the censorship. After the showing of the film, they engaged in a passionate, sometimes violent discussion, too often wide of the mark, of the work in itself, its tendencies and its scope, ending up in judgments on the cinema in general. These clubs had such a success that they multiplied in number, and soon there were more than a dozen of them in activity at the same time. They favoured what was called the '*cinéma d'avant-garde*,' which tended to impose on the cinema the modernistic tendencies of other arts. The immediate influence of these discussion groups was of course nil, but their influence on opinion was considerable, and tended on the one hand to confer authority on directors thought to be advanced, such as Epstein and Lherbier, on the other hand to give rise to various experiments, some of which were genuine masterpieces, such as Ruttmann's *La mélodie du monde*, Luis Bunuel's *Le chien Andalou*, and *L'étoile de mer* or the American *Man-Ray*.

Some of the future Hollywood directors happened to be in France at about this time, and were influenced by these ideological currents. Paul Fejos, the author of *Lonesome*, and Ruben Mamoulian, of *Applause* and *City Streets*, were among these. Dudley Murphy even collaborated with the painter, Fernand Leger, in a modernistic experiment entitled *Le ballet mécanique*. Thoroughly imbued with these extremist tendencies he returned to his own country where he is at present at work on musico-visual compositions with the aid of the best negro orchestras of the United States. There indeed, after the crushing supremacy of the American cinema that we have observed up to the present, we find a slight sign of a genuinely bilateral exchange. French influence makes itself felt also in an extremely curious indirect fashion. The press, as regards the movies, is just as much tied up here as elsewhere by publicity contracts. But Paris is one of the rare cities of the world where there exists a real public opinion on the cinema. This opinion is not expressed through the usual channel of the newspapers, but through certain reviews and literary magazines. Special theatres, comparable to the clubs mentioned above, take up the films designated by this opinion and assure them a diffusion which sometimes goes so far as to make the mass of the public acquainted with them. Many productions whose originality would perhaps at first sight have alarmed the mass of spectators, have been popularized in this way. Actors and directors who have not necessarily made a very great impression on the American public are sometimes brought into the limelight by the

unprecedented success they have gained in Paris. There is no better example of this than the triumph of the Marx Brothers in a small theatre of the Latin Quarter. Without doubt, in the States they are considered excellent comedians, but they have never received the same outburst of lyrical homage that their insane humour has won them in France. Here they have received a literary consecration that beyond a doubt has not in the slightest degree increased their influence on the American public, but which gives them perhaps a more authoritative position in the eyes of the producers. They had no need of this proof of their talent; but now they are credited with genius. Their last film opened in New York and in Paris at the same time. For my part, I am convinced that the success of the famous Laurel and Hardy team is partially founded on their Parisian reputation. Producing directors, who surely *must* read the verdict of independent criticism, cannot help being affected when they see a series of enthusiastic articles coming from France. Critical opinion here has a more living reality than elsewhere, and above all it is different. In Paris, for example, Sternberg is beyond comparison preferred to Lubitsch. Thus certain links may be established between France and America.

It has perhaps been noticed that in this whole article no distinction has been made between talking and silent pictures. Now the situation of the cinema is much changed. Many more films are being produced in France, but the quality is hardly improved; and we no longer have the opportunity to see American productions for our edification. Before new relations can be established, we may express one further hope; that the French moving-picture industry may have made sufficient progress to support a more advantageous comparison.

THYRZA

This day of summer glory they've cut the unripe corn,
To clear a way for Thyrsa who's borne in strong men's
arms

On to the farthest corner, on to the highest hill,
There leaning, lichened tombstones turn harshly from
their kin,

There the scant earth, rock-burdened, is loath to let
her in.

They lay her gently down in the roughly scooped out
bed,

Sweat dropping from their foreheads to mingle with
their tears,

These simple friendly farmers who've known her all
her years.

They weep for wasted beauty and her unhappy life,
For Thyrsa, young and ardent, who said we live but
once,

And sought her soul's fulfilment outside convention's
will,

Who plunged in turbid waters and knew desire was
dead,

Then found her days so endless she chose oblivion.

FRANCES R. ANGUS



III

FRERE MARIE-VICTORIN

THE heart of the University of Montreal beats in an unimpressive stone building on St. Denis street. Some day when there is more money the whole institution will be moved, lock, stock, and barrel, to a great, unsightly barracks on the other side of Mount Royal. But that is not yet, and for the present French-Canadian academic life with something of a charmingly faded replica of the Latin Quarter is centred here, at a safe distance from the stock-brokers' offices on St. James Street and the Methodist tabernacles of Westmount.

The University has outgrown the old building and there is a serious shortage of space, so much so, in fact, that some of the science labs. are housed in a sort of basement, among them those of the Institut Botanique. And here on almost any week-day you will see the director at work—a rather striking figure in the late forties, but looking much younger, with a white lab. coat pulled on, over his clerical soutane. This is Brother Marie-Victorin of the teaching order of the Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes, Doctor of Science, Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, one of the most distinguished botanists in the Dominion—and, in the opinion of this writer, the leading French-Canadian prose stylist and the discoverer of the regional picturesqueness of his native province.

It is a waste of time to talk to Frère Marie-Victorin about his literary achievements. He believes himself to be only a scientist and, indeed, a printed list of the titles of his contributions to technical journals covers many pages. As a matter of fact he comes into literature through science, as a perusal of one of his earlier works, *La Flore du Témiscouata* (1916), would readily show. There is nothing unusual about this process. Just because most scientists write badly is no reason why they all should; Darwin and Huxley in another generation, the American Beebe in this, are sufficient proof of the fact. In France the literary-scientific tradition is still stronger. Starting long before Buffon a direct line of filiation could be traced down through Amiel, Renan, Flammarion. Indeed Renan provides the closest parallel to Frère Marie-Victorin and, lest this comparison between that nineteenth-century bugbear of the faithful and a Christian Brother should seem scandalous, I hasten to add that the points of resemblance are limited to two: style, and their twin roles as the junction between native geography and literature. Renan could make philology or higher criticism sound like lyric poetry by clothing its arid bones in a fluid, colourful style whose very delicacy tones off occasionally into oversweetness. Renan really discovered modern Brittany and prepared the ground for contemporary regional novelists like LeBraz and Chateaubriant. Frère Marie-Victorin has a style that could be best described with

the same adjectives that were applied to Renan's and he uses it to vitalize not only his botany but his penetrating and deeply understanding excursions in Laurentia.

The main body of Frère Marie-Victorin's non-scientific work is contained in two volumes of collected sketches, *Récits Laurentiens* and *Croquis Laurentiens*, published successively in 1919 and 1920. How they came to be written seems to be already a matter of legend. According to Albert Ferland, failing health won the future author and scientist a release from his professional duties at the College of St. Jerome and sent him wandering in the open air along the *chemin du roi* to discover botany and the Province of Quebec.

Some of the sketches are really *nouvelles* centering about some incident with human characters brought into action, *La Corvée des Hamel* or *Jacques Maillé*, the latter a spirited description of one of the master strokes of propaganda planned by that great colonizer of the North Country, the curé Labelle. They belong properly to folk-lore and are more or less in the fixed tradition of Patrice Lacombe, Adjutor Rivard, or the abbé Groulx. The background has not shifted so very much in the last hundred years. It is useless after all to look for anything very new in a stubbornly autochthonous literature like the French-Canadian. There are the same patriarchal *habitant* families, devout, slow-moving, and seen through the same rose-tinted spectacles that George Sand put on to look at her peasants. And yet it would be idle to deny their essential reality. The more exemplary ones have enormous families. (Why do professional celibates make bachelors of their villains?)

More original, because they deal with a true *terra incognita*, are the sketches dealing with that far-flung remnant of Acadian stock which lives on the Magdalen Islands right out in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. These the author has grouped together in his second volume under the title, *Chez les Madelinots*. He might be writing about some South Sea Island, so remote and yet so fascinating are these tenacious fisher-folk made to appear.

But the significant kernel of Frère Marie-Victorin's literary work is to be found not in his treatment of the *habitant* or of the *Madelinot*, but in his descriptive passages and sketches. Fragments of the Quebec background can be found admirably done in the work of many French-Canadian writers from Pierre Chauveau and Arthur Buies down to Adélard Dugré and Pierre Dupuy in more recent times, but Frère Marie-Victorin is the first to completely anatomize the Quebec scene, splitting it up into its regional variations with a rare combination of scientific method and extreme sensitivity. The *vieilles paroisses* are not like the *cantons de l'est* and neither resemble Témiscamingue. Longueuil is not Lorette and even one Montereign hill is not like any other. Frère Marie-Victorin has sensed these differences and can make his readers sense them. He can not only feel a landscape in terms of colour and line but, like so many traditionalists, he can also feel it historically. An Onondaga chieftain stands at his shoulder on Mont Beloeil and looks out with him over the valley of the Richelieu. Longueuil, where he lives in the convent of his order, is not really the Longueuil of today but of the days of Charles LeMoyne, who, it might be said, is a sort of central figure in his work.

Frère Marie-Victorin's contributions to literature

do not stop short with the publication of the *Croquis*. Besides his scientific work and contributions to local historical journals he published two historical plays in 1925. They were obviously written for school children and it is unnecessary to comment on them. Since then also he has written critical and historical articles for the most intelligent and the best written of all the French language newspapers in this country — *Le Devoir*.

* * *

When the Anglo-Saxon smugness and drabness of an Ontario town becomes too overpowering I like to get out the *Récits* or the *Croquis* done up by the good Christian Brothers as school prizes in huge family-bible format with red and gold covers and the drawings of Edmond Massicotte. Then with Frère Marie-Victorin I like to transport myself to Saint-Norbert or the Lac des Trois Saumons, to a blackened clearing in Abitibi or the Ile aux Coudres. That may sound somewhat sentimental and nostalgic, but all French-Canadian literature is just a little sentimental and nostalgic and that is the proper mood in which to approach the really exquisite prose of Frère Marie-Victorin.

FELIX WALTER

'THE EARTH IS WARM TONIGHT'

The earth is warm tonight; it stirs and breathes;
I feel it is alive and part of me.
This hard virginity that people tread on
Has suddenly turned woman after all
As old tales tell us.

How large and low the stars are!
A dipperful have spilled into the dark lake
And float about like little golden fish.
So low the sky, and God receded far,
How far above it,

Distant and cold, remote as God should be.
You see, the stars are swimming in the water;
They think it is a planet's holiday
Because his presence is so far away.

On cool nights when the clouds go scudding by
I see God's finger writing in the sky.
This is a night for earth and all her seed,
Such as comes once, a pagan night indeed.

Someone is making music by the water;
The goat-feet move among the shadows there;
I will not look at them: I do not care:
The dim light shows me only his brown shoulders,
His pointed ears, his curly shepherd's hair.

'Come nearer, Pan, and let me touch your ears
Soft like a fawn's, Pipe gently lest God hears.
No, do not play that tune. I fear! I fear!
Well then come close and bend my will to hear.'

JOSEPHINE BARRINGTON

THE LAST BOAT

The stars diminish as the Great Bear mounts the heavens

And indiscernibly the river's murmur drops;
Low, dusky hills press closer and the old post slumbers
Bedded on poplar leaves under the leafless tops;
So like a dead world dreaming where its revels ceased,
While night, the mother parent of the universe,
Sees with reluctant eyes her lord approach the east.

Somewhere, lonesome and cold, a battered drunk
awaking

Awkwardly stands to stagger off on wobbling feet,
Quaveringly his voice rolls back in ribald ballad
Splitting the stillness of the long, deserted street:
With mournful howls of indignation and resent
The huskies from their kennels on the bank below
Bury the song in one, wild animal lament.

A door slams and a lamp glows in a distant window
As muffled sound of movement drifts out on the air;
More lamps suffuse the dark where hollow footsteps
echo

And figures grow and fade before the yellow flare:
Day wakens vaguely to the broad increasing noise
And all at once the night's fantastic shapes are fled
As dawn's half light gives to the town its common
poise.

Rough clad and heavy eyed, from the dim line of
dwellings

Men stumble downward to the landing with their
packs,

To where on board the boat, still dressed, in bunks
and corners,

Those who had shipped late in the night sprawl on
their backs

The engines splutter and turn over; throb and clank;
Everywhere shouts and bustle; Siwash, breed, and
white;

Black-haired women and children crowding the bank.

Ropes are cast loose; the boat is poled off, driven
upward;

Her blunt bow swings, catching the current on her
beam

Rapidly turns and lifts, bears out, trembles to
straighten

And pounding gathers way, gliding from sight down
stream:

Brown eyes look on, watching the wake widen and
spread;

Tracing its course back on the gray, empty Stikine
Telegraph Creek turns on itself, winter ahead.

ALFRED HAGGEN



WIND ON A SATURDAY NIGHT

The black wings of the wind
Beat against my window
Blow after blow
Seeking admittance
Already granted.

Tell me your tidings of the night, O wind,
While I lie waiting for sleep.

Clamour of traffic in a street of shops
A block away, blurred then sharp,
Like an imperfect radio,
Where belated shoppers, bargain-wise,
Clutching the Sunday roast,
Bend to the storm and hurry homewards
Or pause to buy
The ruddy pears and apples
Cunningly mounded by the foreign vendor.
Whistling errand boys
Drop clanging bicycles
And clatter up the passageways
Between the houses.
A door slams
On a laughing boy and girl goodnight
Next door.
The hoot of a distant train soars
Like a high piercing cry
Above the engine's slowing beat—
Push-Push push-push Push-Push push-push—
Hollow and faint and far
For its aerial passage
Over a ravine.
There is a clatter of leaves
From the dooryard elm,
Clicking shrill heels along the pavement;

And in a place I know
Where they lie knee-deep in the hollows
My Merry Jester is calling them
To a wild game, a Witches' Sabbath—
Hanging bright tatters of maple
Upon a thorn, and beechen spangles
On the berry briars.
He will toss upon the cold-flowing river
Frail argosies of aspen;
And slim pinnacles of willow
Will put out after them
Sweeping into midstream
Panic-stricken at being left behind
On the long voyage
Into the dark.

Into the howling, lulling dark they go
And I follow them.

E. H. BURR



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CANADIAN SCHOLARSHIP

STUDIES IN ENGLISH, by Members of University College, Toronto (University of Toronto Press; pp. 254; \$2.50).

STUDIES IN ENGLISH by members of University College is the first book of its kind, I think, in the history of Canadian universities. If it is intended to be the first of a series, and I hope it is so intended, the whole thing has got off to an excellent start. The six essays that compose the book are, in their various ways, fundamentally sound stuff: well-informed, thoughtful, fresh, illuminating. At the risk of being thought a niggling pedant, I point out a few flaws in the prevailing good form: a curious sentence, in Mr. Davis's careful prose, like 'Instead of poetry, Swift turned to prose satire'; the rather irritating intimacy of 'isn't,' 'can't,' 'couldn't' in Mr. Macdonald's pleasant essay on Browning; or the occasional flamboyance of Mr. Brown's ample and fluent diction. In appearance, the book has a certain plain dignity, tho' I notice a few cases, as on p. 231, where the spacing hurts the eye as an untuned piano hurts the ear. These be toys: but it may be well to mention them in the interests of the expected series.

Half of the book is given over to Mr. Davis and Mr. Woodhouse who are responsible for full-length studies of notable interest and importance. 'Swift's View of Poetry' is one of those rare and amazing topics which should have been discussed by every historian of criticism since 1745 but which apparently have been too near at hand for the far-sighted to notice. Mr. Davis makes a very great deal, though possibly not quite the most, of his opportunity. In 'Collins and the Creative Imagination' Mr. Woodhouse has not as new a pasture, but he opens it up with his usual erudition and cogency of reasoning; and his performance as a whole is extraordinarily massive and able. These two essays, along with Mr. Brett's exegesis of certain important passages of Shelley, present a sort of running commentary on the history of critical ideas from 1720 to 1820. I wish that Mr. Brett had contrived to draw more of Shelley's verse into his text, for his interpretations have the mark of finality. It may be that his quotations from Drummond are over-long for the immediate purpose: but a reader who previously knew nothing at all of Drummond or of his influence on Shelley has no right to complain and every reason to be grateful. Mr. Macdonald's paper should be called 'An Inhibition of Browning's Poetry' not 'Inhibitions'; and its criticism of the poet's 'flippant' moods is not, in my opinion, altogether correct. But it takes a view of Browning that is at once fresh and sound—a remarkable achievement—and it plainly deserves further development. Two younger members of University College, Mr. MacGillivray and Mr. Brown, contribute studies of Pantisocracy and Arnold's French Reputation that are entertaining as well as thoroughly informative. Mr. MacGillivray handles his complicated material with

an enviable ease and with a quiet humour that is even more enviable. And Mr. Brown (though I must gently rebuke him for persisting in some of the many heresies that afflict the sacred shade of Arnold) writes with a zest that an older man prays he may long keep unimpaired. Altogether, these *Studies in English* have the body and the weight that one demands of scholarship, and a freshness that one always hopes for but rarely gets.

In the interests, again, of the expected series I beg to offer a suggestion with respect to the book's form, which is disconcertingly various. A reader must change his mode of attention with each new subject, and the enforced shift is not only wearing to the nerves but tends to give a false impression that the book is a fortuitous concourse of ill-assorted parts. Mr. Woodhouse offers a perfect museum specimen of a full-dress PMLA article: preliminary bow to authority, outline of the 'purpose of the essay' (with note of 'what has been heretofore unobserved'), ferocious documentation and small-type footnotes, and peroratory finish. On the other hand, Mr. Davis suggests a quality of the *Studies of the English Association*: namely, transatlantic passion for the virginal page, which is laudable aesthetically but which causes a reader endless trouble in checking quotations and judging contexts. A study of the latter, by the way, tends to modify slightly one or two of Mr. Davis's positions. Both sorts of essay are, of course, good in themselves. But, while I hold no brief for the Act of Uniformity, I submit that the differences in method outlined above appear rather violent when the two things sit cheek by jowl.

The privilege of reviewing the second series of *Studies in English* should be given to the distinguished Toronto graduate who, in these columns some two years ago, cursed the whole tribe of Canadian professors of literature for being barren fig-trees.

G. G. SEDGEWICK

THE RAISIN-THEME IN THE PUDDING

THE IMPERIAL THEME, by G. Wilson Knight (Oxford University Press; pp. 376; \$4.00).

PROFESSOR WILSON KNIGHT hunts the Shakespearean snark with metaphysical net and portentous solemnity, and his 'kill' is too often only a few philosophical abstractions—'values,' 'life-themes,' 'world-forces' and such bloodless fry; but the excitement of his chase is exhilarating while it lasts. He flits with tireless energy from word to word, line to line, scene to scene, and act to act, culling curious parallels of meaning and association from passages we had never suspected of similarity, and massing the whole accumulation of suggestion into an imposing structure of what he himself would call 'super-logical' significance.

Mr. Knight pursues in this volume the method adopted in his *Wheel of Fire*, published by the Oxford Press in 1930, and with much the same results. The volumes inspire respect—and this altogether apart from their 'get-up,' which is beautiful and a credit to author and publishers alike. They are solid, conscientious, almost laborious. They affect one in very much the same way as the infinitely painstaking work in Eastern mosaics, which one is sometimes called upon to admire,—work of which one can scarcely perceive the plan, much less comprehend and appreciate

it, but towards which it would be harsh not to feel a kind of numbed reverence on account of the amount of human energy expended. The author has his own ideas on the interpretation of Shakespeare, and entertains something very like contempt for the methods of other critics. For critical judgments involving the poet's 'intentions,' or 'sources,' or 'stage limitations' or based on 'ethical interpretation' of characters, he shows scant respect.

The merit of Professor Knight's method is to be judged by its results. In this volume he applies his mode of interpretation to *Julius Caesar*, *Coriolanus*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*. His interpretation of the last of these, to take a concrete example, results in an analysis of the play into 'life-themes' of 'Warrior honour,' 'Imperial Magnificence,' 'Sleep and Feasting' and 'Ideas of creation and nature's innocence.' He gathers together all the references to 'honour,' to family relationships, to the 'sensuous glory' of kingship, with its 'goldpower-symbols,' to feasting, even to 'babyhood and milk,' and he endeavours to show that the 'spatial' pattern of the play is woven of these various strands and of others symbolical of evil. Whether Mr. Knight remains true to his idea of a play as a 'visionary unit' may be judged from his remarks on 'the emergence of child references.' 'The negation here opposes all values, health, and nature; the creative process. Destruction is set against creation; hence our many references to mother's 'milk,' the martlet's and raven's nest and young, to 'chickens,' 'lambs,' the strange use of 'egg' and 'fry,' and the child-themes, the phrase, 'the child of integrity,' Lady Macbeth's baby at her breast, the baby-spirit of Pity astride the winds of heaven, the two child apparitions—(ten more lines of examples)—the thane Malcolm's 'due of birth,' the Queen that 'bore' him a saintly mother.' The 'nothing' of death-atmosphere, here active and pervasive, silhouettes these 'birth' and 'child' themes which struggle to assert themselves, struggle to be born from death to life. At the end youth comes armed against Macbeth. Birth opposes death. 'Issue' is an important word. Youth and babyhood oppose our evil. . . . This is not Mr. Knight at his best; nor is it his worst. How far he is prepared to push the application of his method may be seen from his comment on the ingredients of the cauldron—the 'eye of neut' and 'toe of frog,' etc. '—we must note the additional sense of chaos, bodily desecration, and irrationality in the use of these absurd derelict members, things like the 'pilot's thumb' mentioned earlier. The ingredients suggest an absolute indigestibility. (!) This hell-broth is a death-food, though it is not meant to be eaten; eating is good, in the cause of life.'

Plainly, such interpretation as this, based though it be on 'solid, conscientious, almost laborious' effort, does not carry conviction. To show that babies are mentioned fifty times in *Macbeth* would not alter the fact that in our experience of the play babies and their symbolic meaning matter hardly in the slightest. It adds nothing to such moments as 'Kill Claudio,' or 'The little dogs and all' to find that they may belong to a chain of life-theme symbols. The ingredients of the witches' cauldron may be 'of absolute indigestibility,' an inverse of the 'banquet' idea, opposed to the positive life-theme of 'sleep and feasting,' nevertheless our imaginations will continue to swallow them whole, without a thought of the gastric consequences.

Quebec of Yester-Year

By A. G. Doughty

Here is a delightful book of history, narratives of progress, and altogether a realistic portrayal of the early days of Quebec. Dr. Doughty has drawn on old records for his incidents and upon his thorough knowledge of history for the framework of his book. "Quebec of Yester-Year" is a book of beautiful workmanship; it is bound in French blue, stamped in gold, and has eight full page colour plates and eight full page black and white illustrations.

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It would be unjust not to illustrate Professor Knight by his best. The final paragraphs of his first chapters on *Julius Caesar* and on *Antony and Cleopatra* are both eloquent and illuminating, but they are too long to give here in full. We fall back upon a last paragraph in *Macbeth*:

'In a final judgment the whole play may be writ down as a wrestling of destruction with creation; with sickening shock the phantasmagoria of death and evil are violently loosed in earth, and for a while the agony endures, destructive; there is a wrenching of new birth, itself disorderly and unnatural in this disordered world, and then creation's more firm-set concord replaces chaos. The baby-peace is crowned.'

It is instructive to put beside this Professor Bradley's last words on the substance of tragedy. 'We remain confronted with the inexplicable fact, or the no less inexplicable appearance, of a world travailing for perfection, but bringing to birth, together with glorious good, an evil which it is able to overcome only by self-torture and self-waste. And this fact or appearance is tragedy.'

Dr. Bradley's might, without disparagement, be called a philosopher's *post mortem* of the tragic, Professor Knight's, a mystic fabrication of it; neither corresponds to the reality of our experience. Altogether too prominent in both is the mind which 'looks before and after,' which makes of the 'universe' 'a System of the Universe,' of Tragedy, a 'Theory of Tragedy'; both might be sub-titled 'On Thinking it Over—after the event.' In both the world is made tolerable by the imposition of an order satisfying to our minds. In both that moment of retrospective vision counts for too much, when the soul which has suffered looks back, like Othello, and sees how its destiny was accomplished, but sees, also, that it could not have been avoided. That moment is necessary to high tragedy; it marks our elevation into tranquility, 'and calm of mind, all passion spent'; but it is not the only necessity. The rhythm of emotional ecstasy which precedes that consummation, the closing of the alleyways of escape so that with the hero we must brace ourselves to meet the terror of the inevitable advance of destiny—these are necessary, too, and the memory of them is surely dead in us when we allow their rich 'immediateness' to be subsumed in the cold diagram of a metaphysical formula.

Mind will always seek to arrange experience into a system, in order to render it intelligible and docket it for use; and just as surely as mind remains alert will it begin to suspect that the system it has created does not correspond to reality. It is then that the shock of immediate experience, of the irrational, of tragedy, of poetry, of *disorder* is necessary to awaken it from the stagnation of the intelligible order it has achieved. The trouble with Professor Knight's book is that the images he so assiduously collects into life-schemes belong in their contexts to categories of experience vastly different from those to which he assigns them, and the systems into which he does arrange them have little validity for our waking minds. He has wrapped himself in a clouded mantle of theory and method which shields him effectively from the shock of poetry.

JOHN M. LOTHIAN

ISLAMIC CULTURE

THE LEGACY OF ISLAM. Edited by the late Sir Thomas Arnold and Alfred Guillaume (Oxford University Press; pp. xi, 397; \$3.25).

THE Legacy series has now established itself as an indispensable collection of books. To say that *The Legacy of Islam* takes an undisputed place beside the other volumes about Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages, and Israel, is to say all that the initiated reader will want to know. But while all the volumes have a distinct use and all are rich with the fruits of learning, there is an element of romance in the story of Islamic culture which will make this book even more attractive for those who enjoy adventure and like to explore the less trodden paths.

For the story of Islam is mixed and various. Though often loosely called Arabic it is far from being exclusively a story about Arabs. In its beginning it has the glamour of the Arabian Nights tales, and it never quite loses that unmistakable quality. But Jews enter very largely into the plot. So much so that it is necessary to keep at hand *The Legacy of Israel* in case the topics should belong to both volumes or the writer on Islam conclude by politely handing you over to the other department. And then, of course, Christians are never far away; more especially as the story opens with the history of that mixed civilization which occupied Spain and Portugal and left behind the greatest product of cross-fertilization which the history of the arts and sciences can show. Next after this chapter comes an account of the Crusades, the still undefined background of the lion-hearted Richard and the infidel Saracen and all the lore that went to make *The Talisman* a procession of rather childish excitements. The subject is well treated by Professor Ernest Barker, and if we shudder to think that 'one of the simplest and clearest results of the Crusades was the development of a new species of taxation,' this is probably a very correct indication of the distance we have travelled since Sir Walter Scott and the feeding-bottle were our greatest delights. With this topic naturally goes that of geography and commerce, a very fascinating subject in more than one way. Mediaeval maps are among the most characteristic products of any age, witness the curious specimen opposite p. 86, with the south at the top and everything else disarranged accordingly. Read also the story of the pilot who showed the Portuguese how to get from East Africa to India but could only be induced to betray the secret after being made drunk. To make the destiny of a world depend on the bad habits of one Arab (remembering that Mohammedans are the original theoretical prohibitionists) is magnificent story-telling; and then after all the legacy was really the discovery of America, a by-product of the baffled but persistent effort to seize the 'wealth of Ormuzd or of Ind.'

These are great things, but it is art that defeats time; and even greater interest is aroused when we consider the 'minor arts,' the crafts and the architecture, the literature and philosophy and science of this period which stretches across the six centuries from the decay of Rome to the revival of learning in Europe. It is not possible to say much about these matters in this place; too much depends on the visual appearance of the objects shown in the illustrations and presumably everyone has felt at some time the charm of

Moorish work in architecture or ornament, a quality which never lacks the flavour of oriental strangeness or fails to suggest a stimulating antagonism between western and eastern notions of the beautiful. But when we continue further we find the age of Arabic supremacy is essentially an age of transition. The Arabic political organization, the holy fellowship of Islam, flared up in darkness; before the meteoric career began there was no literature, no science, no art, nothing but flocks and deserts and tribal organization. Therefore it is not strange that the scholar finds more and more reason to see in the culture of Islam a legacy that was not so much created as transmitted. The Quran is a heritage from the sources of the Old Testament; the philosophers reproduced Aflatun and Aristu, as much like the originals as the words are like Plato and Aristotle; the medical men took whatever they could find among the books which the Syrian Christians could read in Greek, chiefly Galen and the tracts attributed to Hippocrates; the artists took little or nothing, because religion stood in the way and forbade them to 'make the likeness of any living thing.' So we find in this place once more the conflict of fundamentalists and modernists, of those who clung to the old and those who sought after new things. But it would be unjust to overlook the fact that transmission is re-creation; whatever the Arab touched he changed and his traces are left like foot-steps in a geological stratum. Language has embalmed his memory in countless words from algebra and algorism to guitar or lute or fanfare, and the curious are invited to consider whether the origin of the word *baccalaureate* may be found in the derivation suggested on p. 245. Here we must cease to suggest the innumerable attractions to be found in this field of knowledge and by consequence in this book. For the book as an introduction to the whole subject and a manual could hardly be improved.

G. S. BRETT

REDRESSING A WRONG

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited from the original manuscripts by J. DeLancey Ferguson (Oxford University Press; 2 vols.; pp. 382 and 413; \$10.00).

A COMPARISON of these volumes with those of earlier editors of Burns' letters furnishes us with a magnificent justification of the principles on which modern scholarship is based. Professor Ferguson has taken infinite pains to discover every extant letter of Burns; of the 715 which he publishes, sixty-four have not appeared in any previous collection, and many others have not previously been accurately printed. After each letter is a brief note naming the collection in which the original manuscript is now to be found, (if it is still extant), the editor who first published it, etc. Conjectural words or dates, no matter how obviously accurate they may be, are rigidly confined within square brackets. Beyond giving the source of poetical quotations in the letters there is almost no editorial elucidation. At the end of the second volume, however, are some forty pages of biographical notes on Burns' correspondents—an invaluable source of information for the reader of the letters.

The legend of the illiterate ploughman who eventually filled a drunkard's grave owes its origin to Dr. Currie, the first editor of Burns' works, and it will

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probably continue to hold the field in spite of its absurdity. The readers of these volumes will soon learn that the author was one of the best educated men in the kingdom, and medical men have demonstrated that his death had no relation to drinking, in which art, judged by the standards of his contemporaries, he was by no means a distinguished adept. If Currie's lack of qualifications for his task had been more complete it would have been less exasperating. His only object was to produce a work which would meet with such universal acceptance that the family of Burns might reap substantial profits therefrom. 'To secure the suffrages of (generous) minds,' he informs us, 'all topics are omitted in the writings, and avoided in the life of Burns, that have a tendency to awake the animosity of party.' In other words he conceived it his duty to placate the prejudices of the Edinburgh gentry. On his luckless author's correspondence he exercised the arts of excision and paraphrase, and (perhaps unconsciously) exhibited him to his betters as a kind of amiable monster who could make rhymes but whose morals would not stand close inspection. Was it strange that such a poet should frequently have dared to show slight respect to rank, and to have been suspected of ultra-democratic and even revolutionary sympathies? Moreover, Burns had been known to drink to excess, and as Dr. Currie pertinently inquires: 'He who suffers the pollution of inebriation how shall he escape other pollution?'

Apart from his desire to help Burns' family, Currie had probably no clear-cut aim in the performance of his editorial duties. He lacked courage to fly in the face of popular prejudice even if he had wished to do so, and his moralizing propensity blinded him to the fact that modesty and scrupulous honesty are becoming in him who volunteers to speak for the dead. It is strange, however, that those who were outraged by the libel on Burns' character (and there must have been many such) never managed to make themselves sufficiently vocal to confute it. It is pleasant to remember that the most eloquent denunciation came from Wordsworth who was angered by 'the black things which have been written of this great man, and the frightful ones that have been insinuated against him.' When he first read Currie's narrative Wordsworth's pity for Burns 'did not preclude a strong indignation of which he was not the object.' He particularly resented the caste attitude of the biographer. 'Judge then,' he writes, 'of the delusions which artificial distinctions impose, when to a man like Doctor Currie, writing with views so honourable, the *social condition* of the individual of whom he was treating, could seem to place him at such a distance from the exalted reader that ceremony might be discarded with him, and his memory sacrificed as it were, almost without compunction.' To read Wordsworth's analysis of the delights of *Tam O'Shanter* and *Death and Dr. Hornbook* is to appreciate not only Burns, but a side of Wordsworth himself which is too often ignored; he even insists that had Burns early achieved 'desirable restraint,' 'many peculiar beauties which enrich his verses could never have existed, and many accessory influences, which contribute greatly to their effect, would have been wanting.'

Burns' character was far from impeccable, but irresponsible denunciation can now be confronted with the facts. We may take leave of the subject by a final

quotation from Wordsworth—wise words which time has largely justified: 'If the many be hasty to condemn, there is a reaction of generosity which stimulates them—when forcibly summoned—to redress the wrong; and, for the sensible part of mankind, *they* are neither dull to understand, nor slow to make allowance for the aberrations of men whose intellectual powers do honour to their species.'

MALCOLM W. WALLACE

JOURNALISTIC VERSATILITY

THE HUMAN PARROT AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Montgomery Belgion (Oxford University Press; pp. viii, 213; \$4.00).

I FIND this a very irritating and annoying book in tone and in method of argument, but in challenging a great variety of current opinions it is nevertheless not wholly uninteresting. Mr. Belgion with journalistic versatility finds himself equally at home in discussing the political problems of the Soviet Republic, the views of Mr. Epstein on the work of a sculptor, the philosophy of Dr. Whitehead, the morals of Mr. Lippmann, the astronomy of Sir James Jeans, the criticism of Mr. I. A. Richards and Mr. Maritain, and the irresponsibility of modern writers about the war like Mr. Read and Mr. Remarque. He might perhaps say that he is, after all, really concerned with the diagnosis of the same sickness, for in every case he professes to discover the symptoms of an incurable emotionalism and romanticism. And he is particularly disturbed because he regards them all as irresponsible propagandists of romantic theories of life, claiming a validity which they by no means possess. These theories he attempts to expose, always very seriously, sometimes cleverly, sometimes superficially, and sometimes with laborious and unconvincing logic.

It will be enough to take one illustration, where he is showing the absurdity of that pathetic faith, so general among the modern reading public, that novels and plays and poems can 'carry their readers forward in their knowledge of mankind'; for, he insists, 'any knowledge of mankind in a novel can be accessible only to those who already possess that knowledge.' This looks very like a denial of the validity of all experience which is merely intellectual or imaginative, and Mr. Belgion does not make it clear what in his view is the source upon which we can depend for an adequate knowledge of life, though we are left with the suspicion that ultimately, in a later volume, we shall be shown that that is to be found either among the humanists or in the Catholic Church.

But in this volume we are left with the impression, that Mr. Belgion's difficulty with a good deal of modern literature and art is due to his purely intellectual and academic attitude, and—in spite of his travels on both sides of the Atlantic—the narrow limitations of his own experience of life. It is impossible to listen to his expostulations with Mr. Remarque and Mr. Read for their deplorable pictures of the misery of war and post-war despair, without being reminded of a certain lord, 'neat and trimly dress'd' with a pounet-box in his hand and 'perfumed like a milliner':—

and still he smiled and talk'd,
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Between the wind and his nobility.

Of course, he cheerfully admits, there have been some changes in the face of the world since 1914, but 'Directly, the War is responsible for only two of these things: (1) that travel is somewhat hampered, and (2) that some civilians today were finally prepared for civil life by a spell of soldiering. The restrictions in travel, such as they are, scarcely warrant despair, and that the soldiering was a bad preparation for civil life still awaits demonstration.' And to the question why there should be so much talk of despair, his answer is simply 'that we are expecting from life what formerly we should not have asked from it.' That is to say, and it sums up the one idea in the book, we are too romantic; that is the only reason why the world seems to many of us such a sorry place to live in. Even if there were any truth in this at all, we could easily retort that this very attitude was produced by the War. So long as it was necessary to encourage them to fight, the common soldiers and the masses of civilians who in some way or other were forced into war-service were the victims of the most irresponsible propaganda, which in an utterly rash and cynical fashion led them on to believe that very thing—that they might expect from life what formerly they would not have asked from it.

It may well be that before very long they will also insist that these expectations should not be left wholly without satisfaction.

H. J. DAVIS

WAR WITHOUT HEROICS

THE TRAP, by Allen Havens (Hogarth Press; pp. 656; 10/6).

NIETZSCHE boasts somewhere that he is able to say in a sentence what another writer says in a book; then he adds: what another writer does not say in a book. The admonition should be taken to heart by every newcomer into the realm of fiction. For great is the temptation to impress by size and grandeur rather than by a brevity which is the result of rigid selection. That is the only serious adverse criticism that can be made of Mr. Havens' very fine first novel: it is interminably long. There is enough material in this book for a trilogy of war novels.

Otherwise *The Trap* deserves unstinted praise. It is beautifully written and well constructed. As far as I know it is the first war book to attempt to view the conflict from both sides. It is the first British war book to reflect the attitude of mind which the German writers have been laying bare in the past few years. The war books of Richard Aldington, Robert Graves, Edmund Blunden, etc., have been chiefly occupied with recounting the physical horrors of the War. At most they have barely indicated that the War was a mental as well as a physical catastrophe for those who went to fight for ideals and found they were fighting for shibboleths and formulas. The German war books (Remarque, Zweig, Glaeser, Renn) have paid much more attention to the psychological effect of the conflict on the non-professional soldier. Mr. Havens, too, is chiefly concerned with showing the total collapse of all decency and humanity, on the part of the civilian population of both the Allied countries and the Central Powers, during those memorable four years. He

selects a young artist, an intellectual, who has enough strength of will to form independent judgments on the international anarchy and is able to resist the great wave of jingoistic fury which sweeps over England for a while, until he is driven by sheer overwhelming odds to deaden his own pacifistic convictions and take part in a fray which he knows to be unnecessary and unjustified from every point of view.

The Trap is not a book of personal memoirs, as so many of the war books have been. It is a novel based on an idea: that the conflict between the nations was a great betrayal. But Mr. Havens is too sane to lay the guilt for the betrayal upon any one person or class. He does not blame the militarists or the capitalists or the politicians. He realizes how complicated this business was, in which the official war-makers on both sides were able to whip up a public opinion which soon grew beyond their control and let loose a wave of unparalleled fury and hatred and cruelty and murderous lust in the breasts of men and women who were ordinarily kind and decent and considerate to their fellow-men. There is no ranting, no beating of breasts or gnashing of teeth. The mental agony of Ian Fisher, fighting against the Germans, and of Rudolf Wolff, Ian's friend, fighting against the British, is quietly unfolded, without any display of heroics; it grows upon the reader until he relives the terrible experience of that unhappy pair and their unfortunate friends.

H. STEINHAUER

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INCIDENTAL FELICITIES

MR. AND MRS. PENNINGTON, by Francis Brett Young (Doubleday, Doran, & Gundy; pp. 629; \$2.50).

THIS novel totters continuously on the verge of excellence. The most amazing fact about contemporary literature is the large number of genuinely first-rate English novels. One would naturally conclude that there is no room for Dr. Young. Not so. Tennyson said that we needs must love the highest when we see it; but he was thinking (as too often) about King Arthur, not about novel-readers, most of whom insist that their idols must have not only feet of clay, but also brains of mud. And so, in the age of Hardy, Bennett, Sheila Kaye-Smith, and Clemence Dane, there is a great public for writers vastly inferior to Dr. Young.

Constantly in this book we catch pleasant echoes of Wells and Bennett. What could be more in the Bennett manner than feckless George Lorimer, fumbling with his notes for a *History of the Wrought-Iron Nail-Trade*? Mr. Wells' chief contribution is an infuriating but laughable trick. You give an effect of ruthless satire simply by sticking inverted commas round a word here and there. Mr. Wells somewhere describes a sitting-room in which there is a chandelier. This object he calls a 'chandelier', and thus intimates that the whole house is crawling with nameless vulgarities. Dr. Young uses this labour-saving device freely. Susan 'took in' illustrated magazines and on the same page she had a nose for 'bargains'.

Most of it is so obvious and slow-paced that twice I stopped reading for weeks and then re-discovered the volume under some letters. The chief person, Susan of the magazines, is an amiable shoddy-souled slightly vulgar young woman, perfectly drawn. But who wants a perfectly drawn portrait of such a young woman? It is like those brilliant photographs in *Leben* of half a lemon and a bootlace. Why do it? Susan (needless to say) duly gets seduced, but what on earth does it matter. In real life, immensely to her husband; but as art, not a bit. A real lemon and a real bootlace are useful to me, but that does not mean they are worth photographing. Susan (I say) is seduced; and then, presto, a miracle! Her husband is arrested for murder of the seducer's uncle, and the agony of this experience pulls Susan together. She finds that she loves her husband after all, fights passionately for his acquittal, and, by the time he is found innocent, has become a strong wise loving wife. I don't believe it. In a year's time she will be as bad again. And what is the use of empty young women who can be coaxed off the primrose path only by annual slaughter of uncles?

There are two good elements. One is the incidental felicities. Mary carried early morning tea 'to the mahogany mausoleum where Uncle George and Aunt Edna continued to lie in state'. 'He padded toward it with the gait of a polar bear in pursuit of his centre of gravity'. At an otter-hunt, 'on either bank the thick-set men and the long-toothed women were running'. Admirable longer passages are the catalogue of Susan's books and the beautiful description of Judith Pennington, for instance:—

She was an aristocrat in her own highly specialized kind: a fine product of village life in the English countryside, at once cold and kindly, inelegant and refined, uncouth and completely unconscious of her own awkwardness.

The other good feature is Mr. Bulgin—an excellent piece of artistry. He is the *vieux satyre* of a thousand French plays and stories, but how richly alive!—a truly winsome old blackguard.

GILBERT NORWOOD

A MODERN JOB

JOB, by Joseph Roth (Viking Press; pp. 279; \$2.50).

A NUMBER of famous contemporary German men of letters, including Thomas Mann, Ernst Toller, Arnold and Stefan Zweig, Lion Feuchtwanger, and Frank Thiess, have expressed their enthusiastic admiration of Joseph Roth's modern version of the ancient story of Job. This should make the ordinary reviewer hesitate to criticize, were it not for the fact that these notables have couched their praise in very vague language, without venturing to state the particular qualities the object of their esteem possess. True, the author has the precious gift of telling his story with a simplicity which is moving. He has, besides, a sense of humour, which is something exceedingly rare in German literature since the War. But his handling of plot, his analysis of the mind of his hero, Mendel Singer, and his insight into Jewish life and custom leave a good deal to be desired.

The refusal of Mendel's wife, Deborah, to allow a physician to heal her crippled son Menuchim is flatly contrary to the spirit of Orthodox Judaism, which has never been antagonistic to the science of medicine on religious grounds. Even that sect of fanatics, the Chassidim, who believe in the supernatural powers of miracle-working rabbis, do not hesitate to avail themselves of medical and surgical aid, and have recourse to the miracle rabbi only when the physician has failed to relieve the suffering. Deborah, however ignorant and bigoted she might be, would not have refused the offer of the Russian doctor to cure her crippled child. And thus half the structure of the novel collapses.

Moreover, it is doubtful whether Deborah, who loved her crippled child so deeply, would have left him behind with strangers, while she and her husband went off to settle permanently in America. It is a well known fact that mothers usually develop a fanatical devotion to such abnormal children, and lavish excessive affection on them, often at the expense of their other offspring. Deborah's final resolve to part with Menuchim is simply not convincing, and looks too much like a piece of deliberate artifice to enable the author to give the book a happy ending.

Mendel Singer's reaction to his misfortunes, it seems to me, is also highly improbable. If Mendel has been all his life the simple, pious man Herr Roth makes him out to be, he might conceivably have been stunned by the blows which Jehovah has begun to rain down upon him; but that he should rebel is hard to believe. A simpleton like old Mendel, when he sees that the Lord has forsaken him, does not become a challenging sceptic, like the philosopher Job. Is he not much more likely to be overwhelmed with awe at the omnipotence of the Deity, who has turned His countenance away from him? Bertrand Russell remarks somewhere that sailors are the most religious folk in the world, and that sailors on small boats are far more religious than sailors on large ocean liners. The remark applies very well to the case in point.

The happy ending, too, smacks too much of the *deus ex machina* technique to be at all satisfying. A whole group of German post-War writers have taken to justifying the ways of God to man, and Herr Roth is evidently one of them. Perhaps that is why his novel was chosen as a book of the month.

I cannot honestly say that *Job* deserves the extravagant praise showered upon it by the writers mentioned above; but it is a beautifully written novel, nevertheless.

H. STEINHAUER

INTERNATIONAL COMPARISONS

THE COURSE AND PHASES OF THE WORLD ECONOMIC DEPRESSION (Geneva; League of Nations; No. A22, 1931, IIA; pp. 337).

THE League of Nations has successfully abolished at least one thing, and that is the blue-book. But lest optimistic freshmen and politicians begin to throw up their hands and cheer at the news, it should be remembered that the League has introduced the green-book instead. The first peculiarity of the green book is that green seems to cost more than blue; another, that it is usually worth more.

This volume, issued by the Economic and Financial Section of the League, begins only as a compilation, but occasionally reaches the level of intelligent synthesis. The statistics of individual commodities are presented from a world viewpoint, and comparable indices of production and trade for the principal countries appear side by side. The reviewer has never before seen such a comprehensive array of up-to-date international comparisons. It is pleasant to find an official document of this calibre which is not two years behind the times before coming off the press.

In their general comments on the peculiarities of the depression, the authors quite clearly recognize that we no longer live in the world of Adam Smith, Ricardo, or Marshall. The chapter which compares this depression with earlier ones, demonstrates from the records of prices that we live in an economy which is half controlled and half uncontrolled. Our present organization of production and trade is part way between the small scale, inexpensive, and decentralized economy of a century ago, and a large scale, expensively built, and centralized economy of the great industrial areas. Probably it has the faults of a hybrid and is worse than either. The organization of industry has gone far beyond the point where unrestricted freedom of commercial activity and of contract can alone bring about the automatic and rapid recoveries of the nineteenth century. But this same organization has not yet been developed to the point where national planning and international cooperation can hope to control the excesses of the present system. It is idle to contend that our present statistical knowledge is an adequate basis for a more-or-less planned economy, when the most important questions of all, namely, the amount of the national and world savings from year to year, the exact distribution of bank credit between areas and between industries, the consuming power of the public, and the productive power of industry for all commodities taken together, with a given national payroll, and the costs of oper-

ating business concerns, remain unknown. Business men know which side their bread is buttered on, and may be expected to oppose bitterly the changes necessary to effect that measure of stability which they profess to desire. Without some further legal and institutional organization to secure accurate information on industry, to integrate the operations of those industries which remain loosely organized, and to equalize their bargaining power with that of transport, commercial, and favoured manufacturing interests, it is doubtful if the world can ever overcome the present tendency toward prolonged collapses of prices of primary products, and the resulting mal-distribution of purchasing power which strikes agriculture so severely, and then reacts through agriculture upon urban wage-earners. The greater size and durability of modern capital equipment, the resulting increase of indebtedness and fixed charges, especially in transport, communication, and power companies, combined with the greater sensitiveness of the population to the stinging absurdity of its own poverty in the midst of plenty, makes the 'long run' a much longer affair than it used to be, and the public patience a much shorter one.

The evidence which this study presents, supports the contentions of the previous paragraph, which may be summed up by saying that while there is a growing rigidity in an increasing number of prices, there has at the same time been a growing instability in the prices of most raw materials, and perhaps, too, in that growing class of semi-durable non-essentials and luxuries which has appeared since the war. The natural conclusion is that the recuperative powers of our industrial system, apart altogether from the disastrous monkeyings of the patriots, have been seriously weakened. The class conflict has been superseded, at any rate in times of depression, by conflict between one industry and another, between one nation and another, and between debtors and creditors, whoever they may be. This new type of conflict cannot, like the old, be suppressed by strike-breakers, machine guns, jail sentences, or higher pay, and lasts correspondingly longer. The unlucky dice which give rise to the quarrelling are loaded, as formerly, by the physical conditions and the forms of organization under which industry is carried on, and which determine bargaining power. But the game is a new one, the players are no longer paired off as before, and the game is longer and more bitter.

W. C. MACGREGOR

GRADUATE STUDENT

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SHORT NOTICES

GOETHE, MAN AND POET, by H. W. Nevinson (Nisbet; pp. 264; 10/6).

It is quite appropriate that a popular account of Goethe should be published for the centenary. Mr. Nevinson, a gallant and practised writer and an old student of Germany into the bargain—he wrote a big book on Herder and a little book on Schiller years and years ago—was a happy choice for author. He has the rare advantage among English writers on Goethe of thoroughly liking his subject—taking Goethe for granted, revelling in his poems and the story of his life, envying him his many love-encounters instead of wagging a puritanical finger at him—and of setting down his views in an easy and sometimes infectious style. There has not been so hearty and human an English book on Goethe since George Henry Lewes.

But at the mention of Lewes the book shrinks. For Lewes' *Goethe*—though much more seriously out of date than the English are willing to admit—was in its day a very robust, pioneering volume. Nevinson's effort is by comparison casual and brief. It is impossible that he spent any long time over the writing of it. It would seem rather that he relied heavily on early memories of his own student days in Weimar and Jena and that this personal retrospect, while giving a flavour to the book, led him to see his subject in a more romantic light than it calls for. The romantic view of Goethe is both partial and vulnerable. Yet in a study obviously intended for popular consumption even this is not a bad fault.

B.F.

THE STORY OF THE TRIAL OF THE EIGHT COMMUNIST LEADERS, by J. S., cover and drawings by Avrom (Issued by the Canadian Labour Defense League; pp. 29; price 5c.).

Anyone seeking in this pamphlet an impartial, journalistic account of the Toronto Communist trial will probably be disappointed. It is a piece of writing emotionally charged with the hopes and fears and convictions of the anonymous left-wing worker, in effect a dramatization of the trial with the eight accused for heroes and, for villain, Esselwein, who, 'clad in Leopold's blazing uniform, stood in the witness box, shifting his eyes from the lamps to the clock, from the clock to the ceiling, from the ceiling to the floor—but never once in the direction

of the men he had spied on—nervously drinking glass after glass of water, wiping his face frequently, though the courtroom was not warm.'

The strict, chronological narration of facts is rightly subordinated to the attempt to convey something of the tense atmosphere of courtroom No. 1 during that relentless November week and, as one who sat in that court on more than one occasion can testify, there are few significant omissions. Something might perhaps have been said about the poor, perplexed jurymen sitting there so bewildered and open-jawed whenever the evidence veered round to Marxian definitions, fundamental to the trial and yet completely beyond their comprehension; something too about the bucolic oratory of the prosecutor in his charge to that same jury. But in all, the pamphlet is a worthy first passage in a saga which is only just beginning to be written.

F. H. W.

THE UNKNOWN WAR, by Winston Churchill (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 396; \$6.00).

It is possible sometimes to wonder what would have happened to Mr. Winston Churchill's fame if the Great War had not occurred. Now, however, it seems secure, for he has addressed himself to the colossal task of Macaulayizing the conflict, with a power and brilliance that can only be described as remarkable.

In *The Unknown War*, Mr. Churchill may be said to have added to his laurels again, even though working in a very foreign field. On one page alone we noted the following names—Uzhitze; Drina; Kolubara; Potiorek; Putnik; Zvornik; Liuboviy; Shabat; Dobrava; Jadar; Krupan; Zavlaka; Save; Tekerish; Obrenovatz—fifteen of them; yet he controls this incorrigible geography and ranges over the unpronounceable Eastern and Russian fronts with a seeming ease and swiftness that quite robs our ignorance of the map of its sting. He has in short the faculty of popularizing without surrendering too much. For he makes no effort to shirk intricate tactical movements or to slur the exactitudes of days and even hours which are so necessary to a military history. But he spices this staff-officer jargon with hard bright adjectives, illuminating personal sketches, and, most interesting of all perhaps, inimitable Churchillsms. Once more, as Mr. Liddell Hart in *The Great War* has done, the battle of Tannen-

burg and Ludendorff's quite fictitious fame based on it, are debunked: We read and marvel at the unsuspecting 'babble' of the Russian radio which with such naivety nightly broadcast Russian plans of the most vital and secret nature, and we cock our ears at the 'sombre spirit of fatalism—characteristically Russian' and the 'fearsome set of internationalists and logicians who built a sub-human structure upon the ruins of Christian Civilization'. Meanwhile we try to square this with the Czar, wife-ridden, stupidly stubborn, bankrupt of ideas—the only Russian who ever commanded the armies of Russia—according to Mr. Churchill—who in the last and awful days of March 1917 'stood like a baited animal tied to a stake and feebly at bay'.

How endless is the patience that the comfortable conservative will prescribe for the further trial of obsolete remedies.

The Unknown War has all the qualities of a really readable book—it has style, speed, vividness and above all, drama. The gloomy calamity of Russia with its fighting, suffering millions, depresses one. But against it Mr. Churchill throws in contrast the titanic power of military Germany. In the unknown war at all events, that is, on the Eastern front, God was not on the side of the big battalions. More wisely he backed scientific training and military experience. In the subtle yet powerful delineation of that spectacular episode in military theology Mr. Churchill is a master.

T. W. L. M.

CRUSADERS OF CHEMISTRY, by Jonathan Norton Leonard (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 307; \$2.75).

MAKERS OF CHEMISTRY, by Eric John Holmyard (Oxford University Press; pp. 314; \$2.50).

The content and format of these two books might well have been designed deliberately to exemplify two fundamentally different ways of preparing a scientific theme for popular consumption. In *Crusaders* one finds the peppy, American middle-west style, dramatic, striking, rather too sure of itself, but indubitably well done; in *Makers* there is a slower tempo, far more hard fact and close thinking, much painstaking care and measured statement, but little inspiration, recalling, in fact, the typical authoritative scientific article in the *London Times*. As in style, so in physical dimensions. The former book

is bulky, in large type with wide margins on thick paper, bound in red and black with an illustration on the cover but few within. The latter is printed in small, clear type with narrow margins on thinner paper, with a considerable number of apposite illustrations; it is modestly but well bound in dark blue and gold, with no illustration on the cover, and is smaller in each dimension than the former book. It nevertheless contains about twice as many words.

A quotation from each, the beginning in each case of a section on Roger Bacon, illustrates the contrast:—

Leonard. It was an April morning in the year 1268, and the sun had just risen. Past the open end of the courtyard ran the Seire, high with spring rain and dark blue in the morning light. The towers of Notre Dame cast jagged shadows across it and a snub-nosed river boat floated down noiselessly, bound for Havre and loaded with French wines for England.

Holmyard. Roger Bacon, as far as our records go, was the first Englishman, after Robert of Chester, to interest himself in chemistry. He was born at Ilchester in Somerset, probably in 1214. . .

Leonard's book is easier reading, and perhaps does not transgress too far the limits of his dramatic license; Holmyard's is scientifically sounder, and can be recommended as an excellent elementary text-book of the history of chemistry. Both are competently written.

H.D.K.

THE POUND STERLING, HISTORY OF English Money; by A. E. Feavearyear (Oxford University Press; pp. 367; \$5.00).

A short summary cannot do any real justice to M. Feavearyear's massive and timely economic history of the English pound. It is tough reading for anyone and particularly for the untrained layman because it is reasoned so closely and so densely sown with the almost day-to-day adventures of English coinage. If one could be sure that all our present (unofficial) Ministers of Finance—whichever they are—would be able to read and digest this volume, one could also be sure that we would soon cease prating about Canada's gold standard.

As Mr. Feavearyear points out, the pound has a long and, setting aside divers clippings and counterfeitings, honourable record. Beside the more, shall we say, backward continentalism of the French franc (alias livre), the Italian lira, and the German mark, 'the history of the English standard

appears eminently respectable'. And he traces that history from the silver pennies of King Offa to the gold standard days of 1928, which, incidentally, now begin to appear further off than the days of Offa. We hear something of the origin of the word 'sterling'—though not all,—of the coming of the guinea with its elephant and castle stamp, of the days when the penny had to weigh 'thirty-two wheat corns in the midst of the ear.' The book is full of interest. One leaves it with a mass of queries touching our own plight. When will Canada for example, be fruitful enough to produce an Isaac Newton, and be liberal enough to appoint him Master of the Mint—and take his economic advice: or when will Parliament and the Banks unite forces so closely as the Bank and Parliament did in 19th century England?

T.W.L.M.

THE LEAGUE COMMITTEES AND WORLD ORDER, by H. R. G. Greaves (Oxford University Press; pp. 266; \$4.75).

This book describes an aspect of the work of the League of Nations which is not generally appreciated, namely the procedure and achievement of the permanent expert committees like the Economic Committee, the Health Committee, and other similar bodies. The author sees in the growth of this type of international collaboration one of the most valuable influences making for the elimination of nationalist behaviour and hence of war. Just as in the domestic sphere government tends more and more to become a task for expert civil servants, and the existence of such a class tends in its turn to enlarge the area of governmental control, so in the international world the same process is at work, and the League Committees are building up not only the mechanism of cooperation, but also the habit of using it.

The book is not for the popular reader, but is a serious study and history, fully documented. Probably few will read it, yet the many who won't and who wouldn't if it were given them will continue to express authoritative opinions about the usefulness of the League. For people who like to be able to scatter this sort of fool with a little exact knowledge Mr. Greaves can be highly recommended. His attitude is best expressed by a quotation which he gives from de Madariaga: 'We are not cranks. We are "no enthusiasts". We

are as cold-blooded as any political old-hand and as hard-boiled as any financier. We do not advocate the League because it is a religion; we advocate it because it is the only reasonable way to solve a definite problem, the terms of which can be put clearly to every man and woman with senses to observe and sense to judge'.

F.R.S.

MINNIE MAYLOW'S STORY AND OTHER TALES AND SCENES, by John Masefield (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 194; \$3.00).

It is only to be expected that critics should go easy on a poet laureate—incidentally a very good reason for abolishing that office. For though few ventured or took the trouble to say it, this—the first volume of verse that Masefield has published since his official appointment—must be surely his worst. What good there is in it—the horse-race in 'The Wild Swan'—re-echoes an earlier volume. 'Minnie Maylow,' the title-story, is good enough for children, but scarcely to be taken seriously. The arrested adolescence which sticks out all over Masefield is not wholly a disadvantage to him. It keeps him young and even youthful and may any day enable him to rival his early successes. But it exacts its price, as this volume shows.

B.F.

MISOGYNY OVER THE WEEK END, by Ronald McNair Scott (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 186; \$2.00).

Why is it that some people, when discussing women and life, generally are delightfully entertaining, while others, though they seem to say much the same things, quite clever things some of them, are rather boring after a time? This book I fear comes in the second class. There is altogether too

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much woman-hating for one week end, especially as it is the purely theoretical hatred of a callow youth of little experience like the hero of this book, who has not yet managed to integrate the different parts of his nature. It is a pity that the author made so much of this one subject, for on others, such as food and cooking, he can be quite entertaining, though even there his people's conversation is terribly affected. And by the way, essential reference should be worked into the text, not tacked on in footnotes. Scraps of learning are not in themselves impressive.

G.M.A.G.

A THEORY OF LAUGHTER, with Special Relation to Comedy and Tragedy, by V. K. Krishna Menon (Allen & Unwin; pp. 184; 5/).

The author relies on a physiological description of laughter for an explanation of its nature. When an instinct, or complex of instincts is stimulated, 'hormic' energy is released in the blood-stream. This cannot be reassimilated so, if there is a surplus after successful action or one created by the inhibition of the instinct, it must be broken down, and laughter is precisely the demobilization of such an excess of energy. This explains the laugh of triumph, humour, and all the rest, including the mother's smile; her parental instinct roused by the child 'has liberated slightly more energy than is required' (Q.: How much energy per child is the required amount?)—'and the surplus is being freely let off in smiles.'

We need not be surprised when we come to tears, to find that they also are the 'relief of unsatisfied instinct'—a breaking-down of energy. In fact, the formula is so wide that there is no reason to stop here. I suppose the endocrine glands are constantly functioning; and, without subscribing to any mysticism of instinct, I suppose the relatively constant factors in our conduct always influence us; in which case everything we ever do has an 'instinctive' basis, and also, since we presumably would never do anything if there were no available energy, all our acts are the expenditure of an excess energy. And variations in the amount of this surplus certainly do not seem to illuminate the difference between laughter and e.g. tears, or anger.

In consequence the question of the *spiritual function* of laughter is left very vague. One gathers that the author belongs to the sympathetic

rather than the malignant school, and he feels that to understand everything is to laugh, or to be able to laugh at everything. One might prefer the less boisterous sage, who laughs heartily but rarely; for laughter is always a 'break', and a life of interrupted, arrested actions seems unduly inconsecutive.

Of the lengthy sections on comic and tragic literature, I can only say that it is dangerous for one to whom that literature is not indigenous to indulge in them. The Westerner will certainly question the author's insight, and perhaps even his competence to discuss the subject of humour, when he reads that 'if Hamlet had turned away from the ghost saying with a smile "Avaunt! thou art an hallucination!"' everything must have ended differently, or when he reads that Iago having noted a weak point 'inserts the point of his needle there, and like a pricked pneumatic tyre which allows the air to escape and soon becomes flabby and "dead", Othello's soul admits a leak.'

H. R. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN

SEX, TEMPERANCE, AND RIGHT THINKING, by Rinaldo W. Armstrong (Graphic; pp. 170; \$1.50).

THE WHITE BIRD AND OTHER POEMS, by Gertrude Bartlett (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 57; \$1.50).

GENERAL

THE MAKERS OF MODERN ITALY, by J. A. R. Marriott (Oxford University Press; pp. xii, 228; \$3.25).

FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO, by W. H. Hudson (J. M. Dent; pp. xxiii, 337; \$3.00).

THE HOGARTH LETTERS, Nos. 4, 5, & 6 (Hogarth Press; pp. 30; 1/- each).

SAILING THE WORLD'S EDGE, by Thomas Dunbabin (Cape-Nelson; pp. 340; \$4.25).

THE NEW CRUSADE, by Anthony Gibbs (Doubleday Doran; pp. 326; \$2.00).

THE TRAVELLER'S COMPANION, by Paul & Millicent Bloomfield (G. Bell-Clarke, Irwin; pp. xv, 308; \$2.25).

A GRAMMAR OF THE ARTS, by Sir Charles Holmes (G. Bell-Clarke, Irwin; pp. xxxvi, 235; \$3.00).

RUMOUR AT NIGHTFALL, by Graham Greene (Doubleday Doran; pp. 299; \$2.50).

THE NEW BRITISH EMPIRE, by W. Y. Elliott (Whittlesey House; pp. xv, 519; \$5.00).

COLONIAL ADMIRALTY JURISDICTION IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, by Helen Crump (Longmans, Green; pp. 200; \$3.00).

CHAKA, by Thomas Mofolo (Oxford University Press; pp. xv, 198; \$2.25).



NEW ZEALAND

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM:
Sir:

In your January number you published an article entitled: 'The Depression in New Zealand', by Frank L. Kay.

In most respects I have nothing but praise for the accuracy of Mr. Kay. It is only in one or two points that he is adrift, and as these are rather vital points I trust he will forgive my corrections.

He wrote: 'the nature of New

Zealand's resources . . . the absence of iron and almost all requisites . . . It is one country that never can, nor will, be self-supporting'. There is not this absence of iron, etc., in New Zealand. On the contrary in one locality alone, the Nelson province, there are 64,000,000 metric tons of iron ore. Along certain of the western coasts there are unlimited supplies of iron-sand, which gives a yield of almost 50 per cent. There are additional resources of iron ore in other parts of the Dominion. New Zealand also has vast coal fields.

In another part of his article Mr. Kay says: 'Argentine lands mutton in England of better quality (than New Zealand) being chilled, not frozen, and cheaper'. This also is not correct. Cheaper, Argentine mutton and lamb may be, but not better, nor of the same quality. In 1931 New Zealand sent to Britain 3,469,000 cwt. of mutton and lamb of a value of £9,633,000; and Argentina, 1,553,000 cwt. of a value of £3,758,000. I fancy Mr. Kay confused mutton and lamb with beef. Argentina holds pre-eminence in imported beef in the English market for the reason that the shorter distance enables it to be sent chilled, whereas New Zealand beef requires to be frozen for the greater journey, and beef will not thaw as successfully as mutton and lamb from the frozen state. Lamb and mutton are not in the slightest degree affected by the freezing process. New Zealand lamb, in England, is as highly favoured as the home-grown, and, at certain times of the year, it commands almost equal price.

Again, Mr. Kay writes: 'New Zealand butter though of superior quality, has suffered for lack of advertisement against now firmly established rivals (in the English market) like Canada and Denmark.' Unfortunately, in the British Board of Trade returns, the Canadian supplies of butter are too small to be given separately. About three years ago they stood at under 100 cwt. for the year. New Zealand's supply to Britain last year was 1,936,000 cwt., of a value of £10,826,000. New Zealand ranks second to Denmark as a British contributor, the latter's quantity last year being 2,466,000 cwt. As for the advertisement angle, it would be interesting to know what overseas butter in England is more effectively advertised than New Zealand—certainly not Canadian, which I challenge anyone to say is seen in the British shops so labelled, or so advertised.

'Canada', says Mr. Kay, 'deservedly is ousting the inferior New Zealand cheese'. The Board of Trade figures show the reverse! New Zealand for years has sent more than double Canada's quantity of cheese to England (last year 1,731,000 cwt., against Canada's 706,725 cwt.) and Canada has not appreciably increased her quantity over the last three years. So much for that!

I have only one further comment to make. Mr. Kay says: 'The New Zealand Government is spending large

sums on rationalizing production and extending markets in England by immensely extended advertisement. No industry is more directly subsidized'. This is Mr. Kay's most flagrant mistake. The New Zealand Government it not spending any appreciable sums on advertising New Zealand production abroad,—and I do not know what he means by 'rationalizing'. The advertising abroad is paid for by the various primary industries themselves, which are grouped under self-elected Boards, and which raise their own funds by export levies. No primary production in the world is freer from Government subsidy than that of New Zealand. Mr. Kay probably is confusing New Zealand with Australia.

I trust Mr. Kay will forgive these corrections. His article, otherwise, was kindly and very well informed, and, I am sure, helpful to New Zealand and to a better knowledge of her affairs and the hard fight she is at present putting up.

Yours, etc.,

H. T. B. DREW

London, England.

ISSA

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM:
Sir:

I have hesitated to take up my pen against one of your poetry critics, lest I should seem to be tilting against windmills. But after renewed consideration I do think that the damning criticism in your January issue by Mr. L. A. MacKay of Robert Norwood's *Issa* should not go unchallenged.

Surely the critic would find difficulty in substantiating in any broad or deep sense his generalization about a 'Maritime curse of wordiness.' For, since the poem's mysticism is far

more fundamental than its narrative, one might have expected our critic (who implies in his adjacent criticism of James Stephens' poetry that he is far from 'blind to all mysticism') to have accepted Norwood's vehicle as inevitable to his thought, and the poem for what it is—'a strict and abiding joy'.

While Mr. MacKay's infelicitously chosen speculation regarding the volume's title is a two-edged sword which damages the critic more than the poet, yet it is unfortunately not calculated to bring a larger circle of readers within the charm—a quality admitted by the critic—of the poem. And surely this is the primary function of a review?

Yours, etc.,

JOHN F. DAVIDSON

[L. A. MacKay writes:—

The wind of the spirit bloweth where it listeth; but where one wind turns a windmill and another does not, is it improbable that the second wind, however charming and well-directed a zephyr, may merely lack strength?]

SOCIAL CREDITS

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM:
Sir:

I was interested in Mr. Aykroyd's letter in last month's issue and very much in sympathy with his plea for contributions that will help to mould our thoughts on the political problems that, sooner or later, must be faced in Canada.

One agrees, too, that the Bennett-baiting on which Mr. Aykroyd comments is not without its diverting aspects, yet, at the same time, while it tickles the political palate, it does not satisfy the hunger. One remembers too that the ethical standards of this continent are still indebted to the

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adage inherited from the old Western saloons, 'Don't shoot the pianist, he is doing his best'.

We readers extend the same courtesy to the Editors of THE CANADIAN FORUM. They carry the burden of responsibility and we realize that without them, freedom of thought in Canada might wilt under the influence of Section 98.

But when Mr. Aykroyd, humbly enough, suggests some discussion of 'Social Credits', is it entirely in the spirit of THE CANADIAN FORUM to dismiss it cursorily as 'cloudy nonsense which no one, even among its advocates, has yet been able to understand'?

Are not all steps in social progress 'cloudy nonsense' in their beginnings? 'Social Credits' is one aspect of modernism applied to economics, one of several trails of thought attempting to solve the absurd problem of a world glutted with plenty and yet facing starvation.

To dismiss such necessary adventures in thought as 'cloudy nonsense' is surely not in keeping with the editorial policy of THE CANADIAN FORUM?

Yours etc.,
EDMUND FANCOTT

'SHEARING THE SHORN LAMBS'

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM:
Sir:

In your January issue under the above heading you refer to the edict that has gone forth and which is undoubtedly being used to inflame the public mind against public expenditures. It is high time some journal took up the other side of the question, and at times I have had hopes that THE CANADIAN FORUM might be the required one for the purpose, although I do not for one moment minimize the power and influence of the House of Mammon.

For some years this writer has watched the antics of the 'Best Brains,' and also noted their spending and dollar-absorbing abilities. Some of these things are set forth in blue books and financial journals, buried in a labyrinth of figures which try the patience and disgust the ordinary man in his attempts to get any meat out of them. Others are found at the street corners of some of the main streets of our large cities. They consist of costly buildings, finished in bronze and marble, and are the property of our banks, loan companies, and insurance companies. In

1927, the Canadian banks gave the value of their bank buildings at a little over seventy millions; in 1930 this had risen to nearly seventy-nine millions. Not a bad increase for three years, and there will be quite a lot to add to this for 1931.

Or let us take the increase in capital for the last few years, and the necessary increase in amounts paid in dividends. In 1924 the paid up capital is given as one hundred and twenty-three millions, and the authorized capital at one hundred and seventy-five millions. In 1930, however, the paid up capital was given at one hundred and forty-four millions, and the authorized capital at two hundred and eleven millions. Whether this increased capital is needed in a country with a population of only ten millions is outside the knowledge of this writer, but one thing is apparent however, 'our banking costs us more', for while in 1924 the shareholders of our Canadian banks were satisfied with a little over seventeen millions for dividends, in 1929 it took over twenty-eight millions to satisfy this need. An increase of over 60%. Since the outbreak of the Great War, the Canadian banks have paid in dividends to their stockholders over three hundred millions, and it would appear that whether the nation is groaning in Gethsemane or cheering from Pisgah's mountain, the banks go on cheerfully putting up new buildings, and paying high dividends.

When it comes to regal spending however, we must scan the pages of

insurance company reports. For the year 1930 the operating costs of Canadian companies, coupled with the Canadian branches of U.S. and foreign companies, were over one hundred millions. To this must be added the cost of operating fire and casualty companies. One company spent about three-quarters of a million for office furniture, but we will refrain! Money spent on education, old age pensions, hospitals, etc., is simply wasted, according to our orthodox business men and financiers, but the money spent by banks and insurance companies is wise economy.

Vancouver, B.C. W. E. SIDDALL

THE DEATH PENALTY

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM:
Sir:

In your January issue you refer to the hanging of Alphonse Bureau at the Quebec Gaol in November, and expressed the hope that the story might help to shock public opinion into abolishing the Death Penalty.

I was in Ottawa last Thursday and enclose copy of *The Journal* dealing with the close of the Trial of Austin Cassidy.

Surely if public opinion is not yet ready to abolish the Death Penalty it is humane enough to do away with the savagery of keeping a man in torture for eighteen months before finally leading him out to be hanged?

Yours, etc.

Toronto. N. J. McLEAN.



THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

This month Hart House Theatre staged *The Barber of Seville*, the first of a series of classical plays to be produced with the cooperation of the University language departments. The plan of lending the talent and facilities of Hart House for the illustration of a University literary course is a valuable innovation both for the student, who gains a vivid and critical view of a work, and for the public, enabled thus to see some of the classical masterpieces that have little chance on the professional or even

ordinary amateur stage in Toronto. The combination of dramatic and historical experience enables a truer production. This, to the degree in which it was attained, was well illustrated in the present case.

As usual the setting was well and attractively planned. The street-scene was the usual shallow before-the-curtain type, and the interior was well-proportioned, convincing, and carefully lighted. The general effect of the play, however, was disappointing, differing rather from the traditional presentation of the Opera Comique experts, without seeming to

gain thereby. The casting was fair, but that of the dominating character, Figaro, spoilt the whole play. Figaro was inadequate and failed to unify the action by his dominance. Mr. Mallett acted conscientiously, but could do little to portray a nature so unlike his own in address and temperament. Figaro cannot be acted. He must be lived. He was no creation of Beaumarchais' but the projection of himself, and similarly can only be lived on the stage by a real Figaro, who radiates such overflowingly jestful *gaminerie* and spirits. Mr. Allan played the count gaily and creditably, with some over-acting, especially in the first scene, where he was apparently tempted by the lack of action. Rosine was excellent as played by Miss Fryth, quite in the traditional manner, with a self-conscious innocence due to ignorance giving way before instinctive wisdom. Her scene with the Count at the piano was an unaccountable variation from the tradition, that gained nothing and notably weakened the shaving scene. This with its well-balanced and modulated interaction of the play between Figaro and Bartholo on the one hand and Almaviva and Rosine on the other, was already hamstrung by the unimposing effect of Figaro which let the scene slip by before realized. Don Basile was well played by Mr. Orchard but had a strange touch of burlesque hard to attribute to the author. His befooling is a real criticism of hypocrisy. Surely he is a real hypocrite. His excessively bizarre dress and manner were distracting and only heavily diverting. Perhaps this conception is an intrusion from the opera tradition. In such details the influence of departmental cooperation was hardly apparent.

On the whole the production gave a very good idea of Eighteenth-century French comedy at the height of its brief revival. In subject we see the devotion to a standard social scene, the miser, ward, and lover aided by the intriguing servant. In treatment there is the fine balance of incident, grouping of characters, shading of emotion, and dramatic effect that produced such a perfect progressive development, portrayed in brilliant scenes as artistically complete as a well-composed picture. In spite of the hackneyed theme, a dazzling and individualizing wit and sense of form provide a relief to the earnest, often brilliant, but fundamentally incomplete artistry of so much of the modern drama that Hart House has

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND "SALADA" TEA "Fresh from the Gardens"

done us the service of presenting. The play is a masterpiece of serious comedy and no farce as has been claimed. As it was, the burlesquing of Don Basile only weakened the real effect, and the critics who demanded such treatment would have spoilt the best successes of the production. Surely too, to an unprejudiced observer, the piece stands on its own merits as a work of art and study of manners. Political propaganda or even signs of the changing order on the eve of the Revolution could only be found by unimaginative analysis, or by reading back the critical atmosphere and words of the *Mariage de Figaro*, a play of totally different tone that tends to overshadow its predecessor in the public mind.

F. L. KAY

THE ART OF THE DIRECTOR

I note in John Hurley's criticism of *The Good Hope* in the current number of THE CANADIAN FORUM the statement that the Winnipeg Community Player's production was much better than the play deserved and then by way of explanation he adds one sentence; 'John Craig was the director'. To those of us familiar with Craig's work this statement conveys an exact impression of the calibre of that production.

In view of my own not inconsiderable experience in things theatrical and from my intimate observation of his work as his Stage Director during the two years he was producer of the Oshawa Little Theatre I feel con-

strained to pass on to other Little Theatre workers what constitutes in my opinion the keynote of Mr. Craig's success.

In the first place he has a remarkable knack of casting to type. He knows the type of character he wants and will move heaven and earth to get the person best able to portray it.

Secondly, he studies and knows his play thoroughly before he attempts his first rehearsal. He plans and studies every move, so that when the time comes he has everything at his finger tips.

Moreover he has that attribute of genius of taking infinite pains. No detail is too small for him to overlook. Every move, every gesture, every line, indeed even every pause must contribute to the development of the play. In fact this last is perhaps the most important of all, and one which a number, if not most, of amateur producers are apt to miss. It is these little details, fragments of mosaic, that make for the total impressiveness of the drama. By the way, just recently I saw a Toronto director completely ruin a fine dramatic climax by cutting the silence too soon, and also an actress in the same production fail to give a satisfactory impression of her character by the turn of an arm.

I know that I myself have improved my work in the last two years by following these pointers that John Craig instilled into me and I cannot omit an opportunity of passing them on—especially when one sees so many fine pieces spoiled by people who ought to know better.

A. MAYNARD ROBINSON

"IN all NEGOTIATIONS of *DIFFICULTY*

a man may not look to sow and reap
at once; but must prepare business,
and so ripen it by degrees."

Although written by Francis Bacon about 1600 it sounds rather as though he was thinking of the present depression! What negotiations are not difficult now-a-days!

As this is not a correspondence course in "How to get more business", you may well ask why we write of difficult negotiations. Did you notice the lines in small black type about preparing business and ripening it slowly? Is it not equally true that a well prepared MIND will ripen more surely and attain a fuller maturity than one that has had no preparation? In these days a philosophy of life is very useful. Most of us have little else, and certainly it may be formed more truly by some well planned reading. What better medium in which to find really interesting and worth-while reading than Everyman's Library? For instance, take the above quotation from Bacon's Essay "Of Negotiating." Like all expressions which time cannot age, it gives one something which may be applied to all phases of life, something over which to ponder.

Bacon's Essays are like this, pregnant with thought and pithy in style, they have never lost the popularity they won the day they were first published.

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